

# Look

JANUARY 29, 1952

15¢



INGRID BERGMAN'S  
LOVE STORY

## IS STALIN IN TROUBLE?

By EDWARD CRANKSHAW

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WHAT LITTLE BOYS ARE MADE OF

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of Gen. Mark W. Clark



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You couldn't choose a more heart-quickenning Valentine for your sweetheart or your daughter—than a Lane Cedar Chest!

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for a man's  
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too!*

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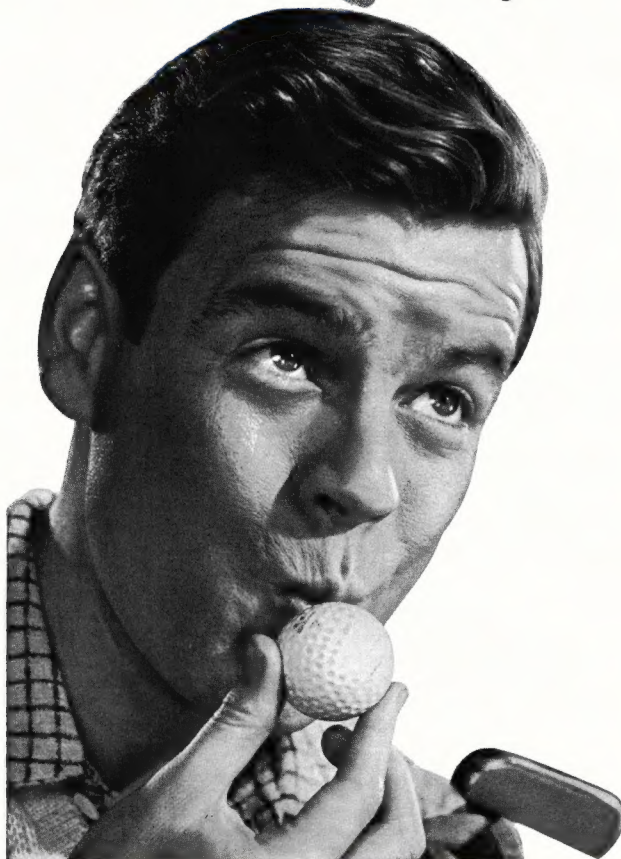
LOOK  
Jan. 29, 1952

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Vol. 16  
No. 3

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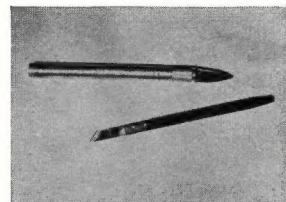


Millions believe in **BROMO-SELTZER**

# Look PHOTOQUIZ



1 This rising young movie actress is Miss:  
(a) Piper Laurie (c) Shirley Temple  
(b) Ruth Roman (d) Jean Simmons



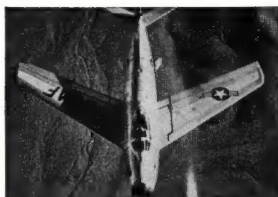
2 Used sometimes by artists, these are sharp:  
(a) palette knives (c) etching knives  
(b) scalpels (d) spatulas



3 Here's the emblem of the organization of:  
(a) Campfire Girls (c) Cub Scouts  
(b) The DAR (d) Girl Scouts



4 A Presidential possibility, he's governor of:  
(a) New York (c) Ohio  
(b) California (d) Florida



5 The wings are swept back in the interest of:  
(a) firepower (c) speed  
(b) maneuverability (d) turning



6 The neckline of this blouse is adorned with:  
(a) scallops (c) eyes  
(b) cutouts (d) rosefles



7 Sitting comfortably in the zoo is a fine:  
(a) wildcat (c) ocelot  
(b) cougar (d) lynx



8 She gave name to an era; she was Queen:  
(a) Anne (c) Guinevere  
(b) Victoria (d) Elizabeth



9 Comic and accordionist, he is television's:  
(a) Jerry Lester (c) Herb Shriner  
(b) Doodles Weaver (d) Milt Delugg



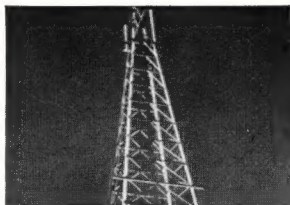
10 For winter racing, try a fast and tricky:  
(a) bobsled (c) sleigh  
(b) toboggan (d) iceboat

Photoquiz—Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Canada.

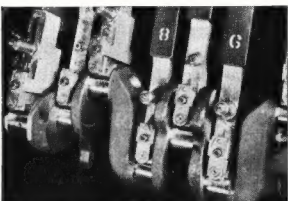
To test your skill at recognizing pictures of people, places and things, try this Photoquiz. Score 5 for each correct answer you get. A score of 65 is passing, 70 is fair, 80 is good and 90 or above is excellent.



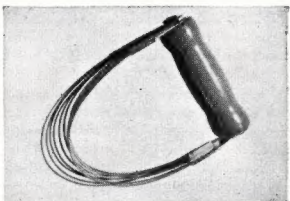
11 Friends with fins, they are shovel-nosed:  
(a) gars (c) catfish  
(b) pickerel (d) largemouth black bass



12 Familiar to many Southwesterners is this:  
(a) conning tower (c) derrick  
(b) pile (d) boom



13 Here's an intricate machine polishing a:  
(a) crankshaft (c) differential  
(b) piston rod (d) connecting rod



14 To make a tough job easy, try this handy:  
(a) strainer (c) dough blender  
(b) cabbage grater (d) cheese slicer



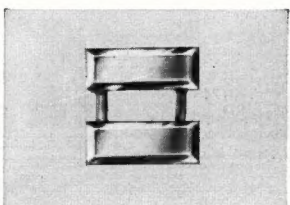
15 This state entered the Union in the year:  
(a) 1789 (c) 1896  
(b) 1640 (d) 1846



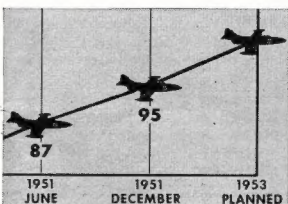
16 A detail from the Sistine Chapel, it's by:  
(a) da Vinci (c) Rubens  
(b) Michelangelo (d) Rembrandt



17 On the assembly line are these deadly:  
(a) rockets (c) artillery shells  
(b) mines (d) mortar shells



18 This insignia is worn on the shoulders of:  
(a) majors (c) captains  
(b) lieutenant colonels (d) lieutenants



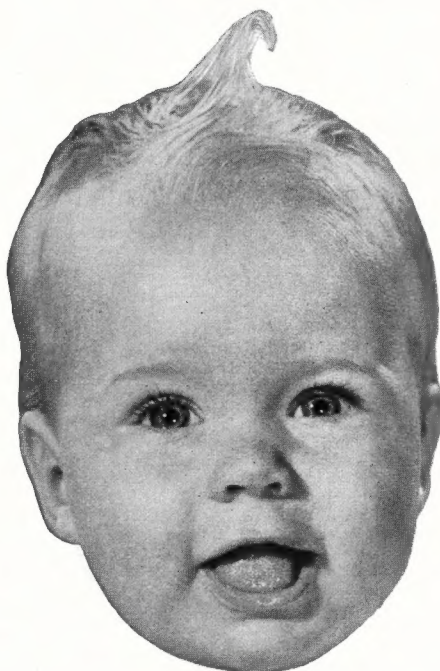
19 Air Force groups planned for future total:  
(a) 300 (c) 105  
(b) 140 (d) 187



20 Here's a scene from the colossal movie:  
(a) "David and Bathsheba" (c) "Quo Vadis"  
(b) "Sign of the Cross" (d) "Ben Hur"

ANSWERS ON PAGE 72

# Mothers who know-feed Swift's Meats for Babies every day!



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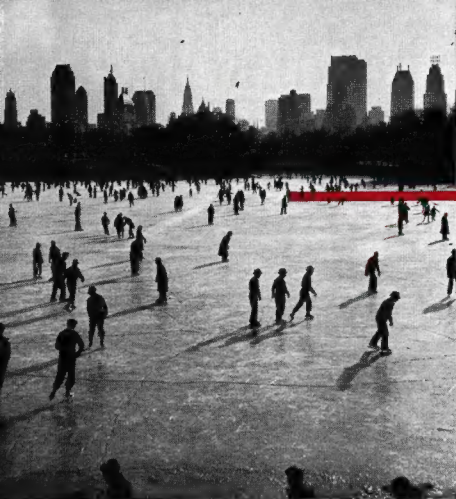
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# JOHN LARDNER'S NEW YORK

**I**n an essay printed on the back of a piece of cardboard 12¼" by 12¼", Richard Rodgers, the songwriter, recently put down some recollections of the first opening of the show "Pal Joey." If you buy long-playing records of musical comedy scores, you know the form of essay I mean, square but well-written—it comes on the envelope. If you buy this one of Mr. Rodgers', you get the new Columbia recording of the "Pal Joey" music with it, and a good investment it makes, too, the score being one of the neatest and most entertaining that Rodgers and his first partner, the late Lorenz Hart, ever wrote. However, to get back to the time of "Pal Joey's" debut, Christmas night, 1940, Mr. Rodgers recalls that critical opinion was divided. He quotes Brooks Atkinson, of the New York Times, as asking "Can you draw sweet water from a foul well?"

John O'Hara, who wrote the book, "Pal Joey," and the book of the musical, "Pal Joey," as well as several other things, is a counter-critic by nature. He is said to have brooded darkly on the 1940 reviews of "Pal Joey," exaggerating the score against him. . . . "This guy said he liked it, but he's a pal of mine" . . . "So-and-so said it was all right, but he had to, he works for the same outfit that I do" (the reference here was to your correspondent; it was a spectacular case of misplaced suspicion) . . . and so on along the line to Mr. Atkinson, who, according to Mr. O'Hara, saw impurity in everything because he was an expert on Thoreau. The latter idea is just as logical as Mr. Atkinson's suggestion that a book based soundly on human character, i.e., "Pal Joey," can be "a foul well," and therefore the wrong kind of source for a musical comedy plot.

There were other people, eleven years ago, who were confused by the musical "Pal Joey." The truth is, it was a rare event—a Broadway musical show with a story that made sense, as well as entertainment, and with songs that meshed with the story and moved it along. Broadway times have changed a little since 1940. When "Pal Joey" returned to the wars this month, it was perhaps easier to see that it is and always was a fine piece of work. There have been at least two cases now, in the last dozen years, of expert transferral of a writer's style and point of view from



Vivian Blaine

straight prose to the song-and-dance form. The other important case is that of "Guys and Dolls." There are key differences between the two examples, of course, as there are between the two writers. O'Hara worked on the "Pal Joey" show himself, while, with Guys and Dolls, the job was done for Damon Runyon by others. O'Hara's heels in "Pal Joey," including the two-bit night-club singer of the title, are true-to-life heels. Runyon's people infest a wonderland of verbal sleight-of-hand and O. Henry plots. It's been said, and it may well be true, that the Runyon atmosphere is even richer on the stage, as in "Guys and Dolls," than it is in type. Some readers feel a lack of noise and hemoglobin in the stories. A living cast is what the doctor ordered.

I think that Frank Loesser's songs for "Guys and Dolls"—probably you've played them on the phonograph—are more closely integrated with the show's plot than the songs in "Pal Joey"; Loesser did a real under-the-skin-of-the-story job. But the Rodgers-Hart "Pal Joey" score was a big step in the same direction. The "Pal Joey" song "Zip," a strip-teaser's rosary, is a sort of forerunner of "Adelaide's Lament," in "Guys and Dolls." Mr. Rodgers influenced the stuffing out of himself, it seems to me, by remembering "What Do I Care for a Dame?", from "Pal Joey," when it came time to write "There Is Nothing Like a Dame" for "South Pacific." I remember this same composer wincing when I praised "That Terrific Rainbow," a synthetic night-club chant from "Pal Joey," years ago, but I notice that he speaks pretty well of the song in his new 12" essay about the show. It is sung, as Mr. Hart, the lyricist, pointed out, by a red-hot mama who—though blue for you, green with envy, and purple with anger at the things you do, burns with an orange flame and has a heart of gold.

## WAID AND BAIN

There's a point involving O'Hara and Runyon, while we have them handy, that also involves the so-called "New York accent," which seems to titillate and baffle strangers. How does a native New Yorker say "word?" It is generally rendered in print as "woid," but that's deep Brooklyn, and not very common. O'Hara, in some short stories a few years ago, used the diphthong "ai," so that the word was "waid" and burn was "bain." This is the simplest, most practical rendition I know of, though it fails to account for a slight "eu" sound that blends with the other (you can't write "waieud," so the hell with it). Runyon, who concentrated on speech arrangements, rather than pronunciation, was devoid of accents, until the show "Guys and Dolls" added something to his work. The whole question is wrapped up by Miss Vivian Blaine when she sings:

"In other words, just from waiting around  
For that plain little band of gold,  
A person  
Can develop a cold."

What Miss Blaine does with "words" and "person" (and, for that matter, "cold," which calls for another New York diphthong) is the right answer for all time.

No spelling comes with it. You just listen, and you know.

## SULLIVAN'S LAMENT

The humorist Frank Sullivan wrote a lament last month about today's shortage of humorists. He reasoned that today's world is a tough place to be funny in. That sounds right. What you have to do is get out of today's world into a semi-tropical swamp in Georgia. Mr. Sullivan discussed writers, not comic strip artists, but nothing in the Bill of Rights says that a comic strip man can't be a humorist. There is this Walt Kelly, who does "Pogo." "Pogo," if you don't know, is a possum who spends his time in the Okefenokee Swamp, fishing or cutting up touches with an alligator, a raccoon, a porcupine, an owl, a mud-turtle named Churchy La Femme, and other figments of southern sporting life. The comic strip "Pogo" recently became a book named "Pogo," and the book became a best-seller. In the last few weeks, it has outsold scratch-sheets and codeine three to one.

Kelly, I would say, is a high-class humorist. Here are some other facts about him. He began life sordidly, as a newspaper cartoonist in Bridgeport, Conn. He still lives in Connecticut. He has never seen a possum. He has never been near a swamp. The closest he has come to the Okefenokee Swamp was on a trip to Atlanta last month, where he autographed "Pogo."



© 1951 By Post-Hall Syndicate  
Pogo and his pals

books with both hands. The biggest artistic influence in his life was a man named Sullivan, who used to draw caricatures of animals for the old "Life" and other magazines.

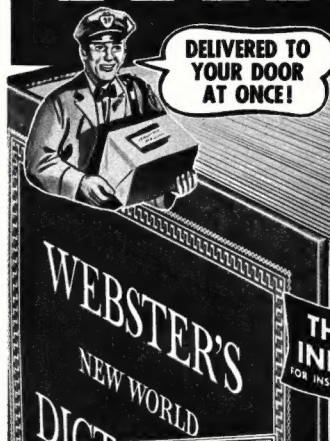
For those who go back some time, "Pogo" is reminiscent of "Krazy Kat," "Krazy Kat," by the late George Herriman, was perhaps the best—certainly it was the most imaginative—of all comic strips. Like Herriman, Kelly has created a small, magic world of his own, in which the characters speak their own language, bordering on English, and live by their own standards, which tend to reverse the standards of the world outside, and are therefore highly logical.

In the book "Pogo," Ol' Owl sets out to split a family of water-bugs named Adams, in the belief that they are atoms. Later, he is compelled to swear that he is not, and never has been, a member of the human race. If he were, Mr. Kelly would be having much less fun.

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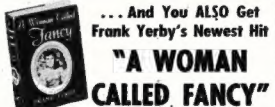
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ROUGH-AND-READY RIFFS!



LEGIONS OF THRILLS IN THE  
HILARIOUS HAREM RAID THAT  
SAVED THE DAY!

with **JODY LAWRENCE**

GILBERT ROLAND • KIERON MOORE • GEORGE TOBIAS • SCREEN PLAY BY  
ROLAND KIBBEE and FRANK DAVIS • PRODUCED BY  
HAROLD HECHT • A NORMA PRODUCTION • DIRECTED BY  
WILLIS GOLDBECK

# U.S. PRODUCTION DRIVE TURNS SPOTLIGHT ON TRAINED MEN

**Chrysler Corporation's program helps people build better products and better careers for themselves**

George Heyer, noted magazine photographer, turns his camera for this picture story on a program of importance to American production—how people learn to build new jet engines and military vehicles, and the cars and trucks that play a vital part in American life.

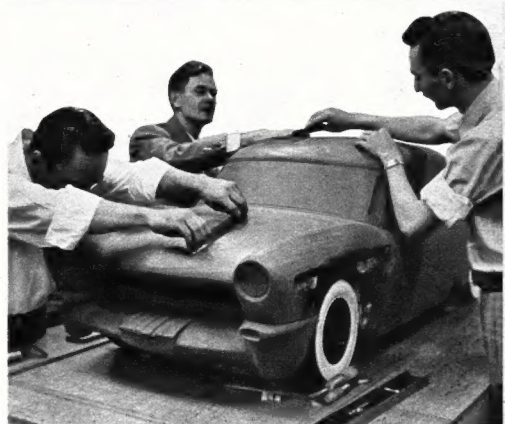
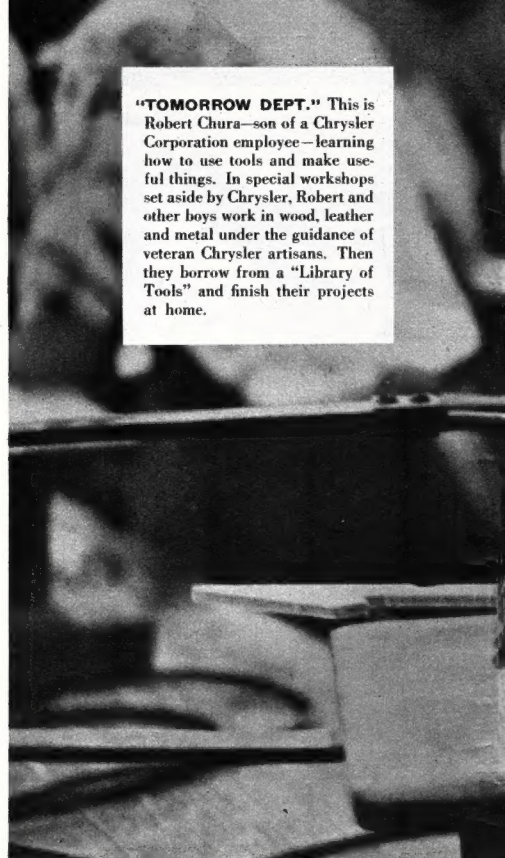
Heyer's pictures were made in Chrysler Corporation factories, classrooms and training shops. He shows a few of the thousands of men and boys now taking part in Chrysler's widespread training and technical education program.



**"A GOOD MACHINE DESERVES A GOOD MAN, SON."** Heyer snapped Albert Bazner learning about grinders from veteran machinist H. A. Nelson. For the past year, Albert has been in an Apprentice Group in Chrysler's Industrial Education program, learning the machinist's trade—at good pay. Chrysler helps ambi-

tious employees move up to better jobs. They can even start while in high school—earning school credits, as well as pay, for time in the plants under a co-operative training program. Good training for good men pays off in better Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars and Dodge Trucks. It pays off in defense work, too.

**"TOMORROW DEPT."** This is Robert Chura—son of a Chrysler Corporation employee—learning how to use tools and make useful things. In special workshops set aside by Chrysler, Robert and other boys work in wood, leather and metal under the guidance of veteran Chrysler artisans. Then they borrow from a "Library of Tools" and finish their projects at home.



**THEY THINK IN CLAY.** In this clay model room at the Chrysler Institute of Engineering, employee students D. M. Holiday, 25, *left*, and Paul R. Diehl, 27, *right*, study car body design with Carl Hood, a design engineer with 14 years of Chrysler experience. The Institute is the most advanced part of Chrysler's education and training program. Courses compare with those in leading engineering colleges and range from blueprint reading to advanced mathematics. Other opportunities for college students are provided by the company's co-operative program. Students from ten colleges are learning jobs while they study. At Chrysler Corporation employees can find the training they need to improve themselves . . . become more valuable to America at a time when production need is great.



**ADVANCE CLASS IN NEW JETS.** These men are learning supervisory jobs which will advance production at the Navy-owned Chrysler Jet Engine Plant in Detroit. Engineer J. E. Engstrom is teaching the latest in jet design. Like most Chrysler Corporation officials, these foremen and supervisors came up from the ranks. They learn to gain the co-operation of the men they lead. More than 4000 employees are taking Supervisory Training Courses, learning to build cars, trucks, tanks and military vehicles as well as jets.

**CHRYSLER CORPORATION** engineers and builds  
PLYMOUTH, DODGE, DE SOTO, CHRYSLER CARS & DODGE TRUCKS

Chrysler Marine & Industrial Engines • Oilite Powdered Metal Products  
Major Parts & Accessories • Airtemp Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration • Cyclo-weld Adhesives & Building Panels

# Letters and Pictures

TO THE EDITOR

## Home Base



Ever since it was put up, the view from my New York office of your beautiful new building on Madison Avenue has fascinated me. I think this photograph (above) taken by me at dusk recently shows what I mean.

HERBERT G. KEHL  
Teaneck, N. J.

## Foreign-Agent Business

An article in your issue of Nov. 20, 1951, entitled *U. S. Agents of*

*Foreign Governments - Will They Be Washington's Next Scandal?*, by Fletcher Knebel, mentions me and asserts that I "was in the foreign-agent business for three years" and "picked up \$27,500, according to [my] reports to the Justice Department, from the government of Haiti." The innuendo is that I took a fee for exerting influence on some agency of the United States Government to obtain benefits for Haiti.

This, of course, is untrue, as appears in the report to which your writer refers.

For three years, I was attorney for the Republic of Haiti and the National Bank of Haiti in litigation carried on in the New York courts to determine title to a large sum of money.

This was an ordinary law suit. Washington influence played no part in it whatever.

It is not certain that an attorney representing a foreign government in proceedings before the American courts needs to register under the Foreign Agents Registration Act. But I helped to draw the act and get it passed. I wished to lean over backwards in reporting that I did represent the Government of Haiti. I am proud to have had that government as a client. Haiti is a Negro republic for which I have great affection.

I claim no influence. If I have any, it is not for sale.

A. A. BERLE, JR.  
New York, N. Y.

CONTINUED

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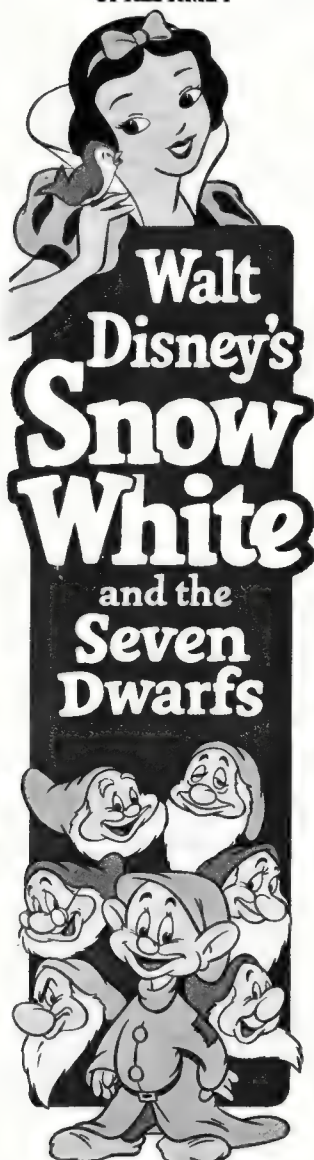
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"Heigh-Ho"

"Someday My Prince Will Come"

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## LETTERS and PICTURES

continued

### All America Epicures



It was a pleasure having the 1951 LOOK All America Football Team as guests at the Belmont Plaza Hotel and Monte's Restaurant in the hotel during their trip to New York City. We've never had a nicer group of boys; they were a credit to football and their schools.

Here's a picture (above) taken in our restaurant which you may like. I'm surrounded by tackles Bill Pearson of Tennessee and Jim Weatherall of Oklahoma.

JULIUS KAHN, Manager  
Monte's Restaurant in the  
Belmont Plaza  
New York, N. Y.

### Eisenhower

*Inside Ike* by John Gunther (LOOK, Dec. 4, 18) was the most refreshing and stimulating article I have ever read. But it could not have been otherwise, since it was written about the greatest American of this or any other generation.

I may sound like a hero worshiper but I am not, even though we do have a few things in common. We both hail from Abilene, Kan., both served in the ETO, and our promotions more or less paralleled, as every time I received a new stripe he added a new star. I am one up on him at the present time, though...

WILLIAM B. GIBBS, M/Sgt USAF  
Derry, N. H.

... Mr. Gunther should be able to write this banal report and do what he considers is a good job without being compelled to draw comparisons which appear to be the result of his own vindictiveness. His attempt to make MacArthur look small will certainly not make Eisenhower look the larger.

JOSEPH D. PAYNE  
New York, N. Y.

... I want to congratulate you for being the editor of a magazine which has a reporter like John Gunther writing for it...

RICHARD A. VOJVODA  
Riverhead, N. Y.

... The story, like the man, is direct and interesting.

MRS. J. C. FRANKS  
Keller, Texas

### Clean Slate

... The difficulties encountered inadvertently by the National Cancer Foundation in the past have been overcome. (Watch Out for the Cancer Frauds, LOOK, Oct. 23, 1951). Now every major New York City hospital and referral agencies throughout the country send many of their cancer cases to the Foundation for terminal care. Even a casual perusal of its records, application for help and letters of appreciation would indicate the value of the work and the urgent need for its continued support.

ABBOTT KIMBALL, President  
National Cancer Foundation  
New York, N. Y.

### Williams for Veep

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR EXCELLENT PRESENTATION OF THE WORK OF ONE OF OUR FAVORITE SONS JOHN J. WILLIAMS (*The Man Who Broke the Tax Scandal*, by Fletcher Knebel, LOOK, Dec. 18). WE OF THE YOUNG REPUBLICANS OF DELAWARE FEEL THAT HIS WORK IN CONGRESS HAS EARNED HIM A PLACE IN OUR GOVERNMENT WHERE HE CAN MORE EFFECTIVELY CARRY ON HIS CRUSADE FOR HIGH STANDARDS IN PUBLIC OFFICE. WE HAVE THEREFORE PUBLICLY ADVOCATED HIS NOMINATION AT THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN 1952 TO THE OFFICE OF VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE U. S. WE WILL ALSO SOLICIT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF WILLIAMS-FOR-VICE-PRESIDENT MOVEMENTS IN EVERY STATE OF THE UNION. THANKS AGAIN FOR YOUR RECOGNITION OF A JOB WELL DONE.

ROBERT E. HOWELL  
Young Republicans of  
New Castle County, Delaware  
Wilmington, Del.

### Shiver Our Timbers



The tightly grouped sailboats are busily:

- (a) luffing
- (b) tacking
- (c) coming about
- (d) reefing

May I suggest that the answer to a caption in the December 18 *Photoquiz* is incorrect. You state that "(c) coming about" is the right answer. The boats involved are apparently rounding a course marker and are squaring away on the course to the next buoy...

Hatley Craft, Boat Builders  
North Hatley, Que.

Quite correct. Our *Photoquiz* Editor was luffing on the job again.—Ed.

Address letters to Editor of LOOK, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.  
No anonymous letters will be considered for publication.



Lessen cold discomforts  
Make your misery brief  
Take sparkling Alka-Seltzer  
First aid for FAST RELIEF

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**COLD**  
MISERY

Your **BEST**  
**BET**  
is a glass of  
Sparkling, Refreshing

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for ACHE-PAIN  
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Also Relief for  
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MUSCULAR PAINS



AT ALL DRUG STORES IN U. S. and CANADA

Be sure  
to read  
**"The Catholic  
Question"**

provocative article  
by John Cogley

in the February 12 issue of

on sale  
everywhere  
Tuesday, Jan. 29

**Look**



**Corns**

HERE'S SUPER-FAST  
RELIEF FOR YOU!

When you apply super-soft, soothing, cushioning Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on corns or sore toes, painful shoe friction stops, pressure is lifted. And for removing corns, you get separate Medications with Zino-pads that work almost like magic. Get this fast relief of Dr. Scholl's today!



**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

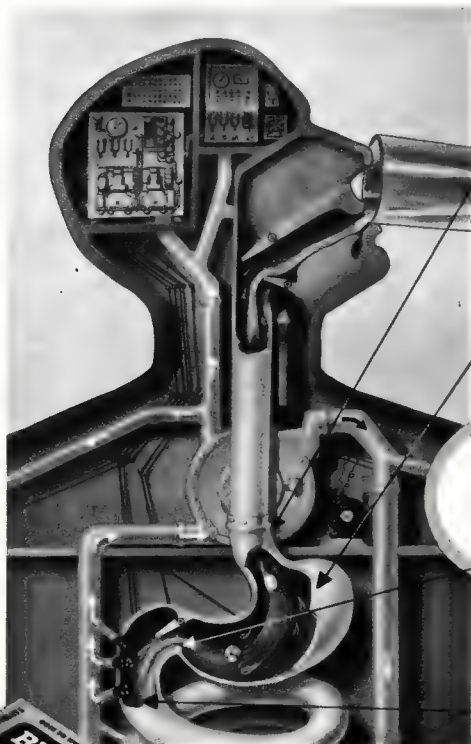
# Get fast pain relief!

# Bufferin

TRADE-MARK

**Acts twice as fast as aspirin!**  
**Doesn't upset the stomach!**

Here's how Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin

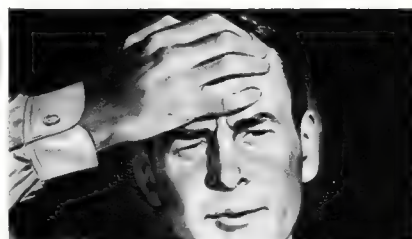


**1** Bufferin or aspirin tablet enters stomach here.

**2** Neither Bufferin nor any pain-relief product can relieve pain while tablet is in stomach.

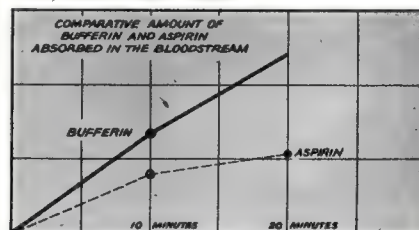
**3** Dissolving rapidly, Bufferin, being antacid, opens trap door of stomach speedily.

**4** Opening trap door of stomach speedily, Bufferin enters the bloodstream twice as fast as aspirin.



No tablet or powder can give you relief from pain until the pain-relieving ingredient enters the bloodstream. Bufferin, being antacid, opens the stomach valve *speedily*, gets *into* the bloodstream *twice as fast* as aspirin! Therefore Bufferin acts *twice as fast* to relieve pain.

And Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does, because Bufferin is antacid.



TIME OF ABSORPTION

Clinical studies prove that people who took Bufferin had more pain-relieving ingredient *actually in the bloodstream* in ten minutes than those people who took aspirin had in twenty minutes. That's why Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain.



For headaches, neuralgia, and ordinary muscular aches and pains, remember Bufferin for fast pain relief! Ask your physician or dentist about Bufferin. Get Bufferin from your druggist. Carry the 12-tablet, pocket-size package. Keep the economical 36- or 100-tablet package in your medicine chest. Bufferin is also available in Canada.



Because Bufferin does not upset the stomach as aspirin often does, many doctors recommend Bufferin for prolonged, as well as occasional, dosage.

Bufferin is scored for easy breaking when half doses are indicated.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN



"I try to get quality in my work — and I demand it in my cigarette. Extra-mild **FATIMAS** give me that quality — and they cost no more." *Jon Whitcomb*

DISTINGUISHED ILLUSTRATOR AND MEMBER  
OF FACULTY "FAMOUS ARTISTS COURSE"

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is **QUALITY**



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CUSTOM-TUNED TO YOUR  
DISTANCE FROM STATION!

# 1952 Zenith TV *the Set with the* "Silver Fingers"

CUSTOM-TUNED TO YOUR  
ANGLE FROM STATION!

CUSTOM-TUNED FOR YOUR HOME, NO MATTER WHERE  
YOU LIVE, IN SIGNAL RANGE!

## Custom-Tuned for your home, in your home!

**CUSTOM-TUNED WITH ZENITH'S EXCLUSIVE  
TURRET TUNER FOR YOUR INDIVIDUAL LOCATION  
ON EACH INDIVIDUAL STATION**

**NOW!** Custom-Tuning comes to TV to do away with makeshift tuning, to end poor pictures and continuous fussing with controls! The new 1952 Zenith is Custom-Tuned for your home, in your home!

*This means you can at last tune station-to-station without further adjustment!*

Here's how Custom-Tuning works. First—the 14 tireless "Silver Fingers" of the Channel Selector are locked into position for each station within range. Then—by means of the exclusive Turret Tuner—your new Zenith is tuned exactly to your distance from the station, precisely to

your angle from the station. It is tuned for all the special conditions in your individual location that affect TV reception.

The picture is perfected to the last detail. The focus, contrast and brilliance are set to give you the best possible picture quality.

No other TV can give such performance! Only Zenith has the "Silver Fingers" and the exclusive Turret Tuner—far costlier than ordinary tuners—to make Custom-Tuning possible.

See this amazing example of Zenith Quality—Custom-Tuned TV—at your Zenith dealer's without delay.

**The Walton**—A superb example of modern design in durable Mahogany color Pyroxylin and rich Mahogany finish woods. One-knob control takes the bother out of TV tuning. New "Fringe-Lock" Control Circuit. 17-inch "full-focus" picture. Also in Blonde. 35½ in. high; 21½ in. wide; 20¼ in. deep. Model J2044R



### ONLY ZENITH HAS IT!

**Only Zenith Brings You Custom-Tuning Plus All These Quality Features**

- Exclusive Turret Tuner! • Dust-Proof Picture Screen! • Provision for UHF! • Minimum Reflection!
- New Distance-Reception! • Eye-Comfort Viewing! • Clearest Picture Known!
- One-Knob Automatic Tuning!

**The FitzGerald**—In rich Mahogany with "full-focus" 17-inch picture... "Fringe-Lock" Control. Also in Blonde. 19½ in. high; 20½ in. wide; 20¼ in. deep. Model J2027R

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# The LION'S ROAR

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

The battle for Texas  
and the battle of the sexes...

That's a brief way of describing  
M-G-M's new, lustrous and lusty pro-  
duction, "Lone Star".

And speaking of stars, it brings to-  
gether two of the most pyrotechnic per-  
sonalities on America's screen today—  
Clark Gable, rugged, reckless, asser-  
tively male and Ava Gardner, all wo-  
man, satiny in her beauty and electric  
to the touch.



They meet amid the upheaval and strife  
of frontier Texas in its most tumultu-  
ous era. And what a blazing. Roman  
candle romance is theirs!

It begins with a stolen kiss in a moon-  
drenched patio, while inside the ram-  
bling, low-arched hacienda a bold plot  
is working that could tear Texas and  
their dawning love asunder.

Broderick Crawford,  
fascinatingly ruth-  
less land baron, has  
already converted  
Ava to fiery belief  
in his cause. He sees  
the Lone Star state  
stretching to the Pacific.



But Gable has aligned himself against  
this power-mad leader. The two foes pit  
rifles, Colts, bowie knives and bare,  
slashing fists against each other while  
Ava is torn between her unspoken  
pledges to Crawford and her blood's  
leaping response to Gable's caresses.

This is the Clark Gable of film fame,  
combustibly combined with the perfect  
co-star, Ava Gardner, who—in our  
lexicon—is a green-eyed mantrap.

M-G-M's "Lone Star" will shine in the  
New Year's entertainment skies!

—Leo

P.S. Special mention goes to those who  
contributed to making "Lone Star"  
such a superb picture... Lionel Barry-  
more, Beulah Bondi and the brilliant  
cast... Borden Chase  
for his screenplay  
... Vincent Sherman  
who directed and Z.  
Wayne Griffin, the  
producer.



# Look

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

AMERICA'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

COWLES MAGAZINES, INC.—PUBLISHERS OF LOOK AND QUICK

JANUARY 29, 1952 • VOL. 16, NO. 3

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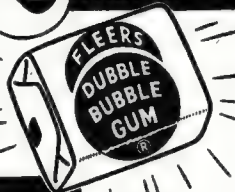
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"THERE'S NO  
BUBBLE LIKE  
DUBBLE  
BUBBLE"\*



\*in other words:  
"PEOPLE ALL OVER  
THE WORLD HAVE  
FUN CHEWING  
FLEER'S DUBBLE  
BUBBLE GUM!"



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that tempt his appetite  
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WHETHER YOUR CHILD is four months or four years old, just see what *flavor variety* can do to tempt his appetite and keep him eating heartily.

How easy it is, now that you have four famous vitamin-and-mineral enriched Pablum® cereals! All four have high nutritional values, yet flavors are delightfully different.

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You may have *confidence* in all four Pablum cereals—the cereals prescribed by more doctors for more babies and children than any other precooked vitamin-and-mineral enriched cereal in the world.

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EVANSVILLE 21, IND., U. S. A.

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Take your child regularly to the doctor. Let him add his skill and knowledge to your own loving care.

For the most precious person in your life



**New!**

Exclusive . . . Convenient . . . Hygienic

Only Pablum packages have the exclusive "Handy-Pour" spout. It opens and closes with a flick of the finger, makes pouring easy, and keeps baby's cereal safe.



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Here's why  
**Luckies taste better!**



You get better taste from fine tobacco, and L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco . . . fine, mild, good-tasting tobacco. There's no substitute for fine tobacco—and don't let anybody tell you different!



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## QUALITY COMPARISON—5 PRINCIPAL BRANDS

Based on tests certified to be impartial, fair and identical.  
Verified by leading laboratory consultants.



"In our judgment the above bar graph accurately and reliably depicts the relative quality of these brands. It is our conclusion that Lucky Strike is the best-made of these five major brands."

(Signed) Froehling and Robertson, Inc.,  
Richmond, Va.

"We confirm that in our opinion the properties measured are all important factors affecting the taste of cigarette smoke. We do verify that the above chart correctly shows that Lucky Strike ranks first in quality."

(Signed) Foster D. Snell, Inc., New York, N. Y.



COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

# Look *appla*uds...



## THE AMERICAN SOLDIER IN KOREA

**L**ook closely. In this picture you can see a bit of what war is like for one soldier.

He is M/Sgt. David K. Broad of the 5th Regimental Combat Team resting after 43 straight days up front in Korea; 43 days and nights of living in a hole, washing from his helmet, eating C rations and fighting.

Only the rifle in his lap is dirt-free, spotlessly clean. His combat boots and fatigues are caked with the dirt he sits on and lives in. There's dirt deep under his fingernails.

Weariness and confidence speak in the angle of his helmet. His eyes are hard and clear but the corners of his mouth sag. He'll feel better when he can shave.

The tattoo on his right arm and the wedding band on the finger of his left hand suggest a tough guy with something to fight for back home—and that about sums him up.

We salute this man and all those in Korea with him since American soldiers first went into action 574 days ago.

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50 seconds' brisk massage with stimulating Vitalis and you **FEEL** the difference in your scalp—prevent dryness, rout embarrassing flaky dandruff.

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# what are little boys made of?

...A lot more than "snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails," as proved by this bulging roomful of supplies which young Farley Welch has eaten, used, worn, broken and played with in his first year of life

On the right, blissfully unaware of the somewhat overwhelming array of things it took to get him through his first 12 months, is a young boy named Farley Welch. As every parent knows, there is no such thing as an "average child." Farley's specific record as a consumer, impressively reconstructed here by Macy's department store and the Grand Union supermarkets, is his alone. Other fond parents have bought more; other first-born have thrived on a great deal less; but here is a list of what's behind Farley:

**Food:** 607 lbs.—187 cans evaporated milk, 124 qts. fresh milk, 5 lbs. cereal, 9½ doz. eggs, 324 jars fruits and vegetables, 113 cans meat, 46 cans frozen orange juice.

**Drugs:** 45 lbs. Dextri-Maltose, 300 cc. vitamin drops; cotton, gauze, soap, lotion, oil, talcum, swabs, ointments, alcohol, boric acid; aspirin, nosedrops, sulfa, vaporizer, scissors, thermometers.

**Equipment:** crib, mattress, bumpers; bath; carriage, mattress, net; car bed and seat; playpen, mat; chest, hangers; lamp; scale; jar set; stroller; chair-table; formula kit, extra bottles; dish, cup, spoon; vacuum bag; comb; brush; teether; rattles; crib toys, soft toys, pull toys.

**Clothing and linens:** 8 sheets, 6 pads, 2 waterproof pads, 4 blankets, 4 receiving blankets, carriage set, 3 towels, 4 cloths; 5200 disposable diapers, 6 diaper covers, 8 shirts, 3 wrappers, 4 gowns, sleeper, bunting, bathrobe, pram suit, sweater set, snowsuit, 4 prs. booties, 1 pr. slippers, 6 prs. socks, 3 prs. shoes; 4 T-shirts, 3 suits, 4 toddler suits, 4 sunsuits, hat.

To duplicate these supplies at current prices would cost more than \$800, but, thanks to gifts and hand-me-downs, the investment is never so staggering in actual fact. In any case, as parents of other birthday boys needn't be told, it's worth it.







*Not-so-secret  
weapon...*

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MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

# "I Saw Them Die in Korea"

By MAJ. WILLIAM D. CLARK  
as told to J. ROBERT MOSKIN

COMING home from Korea is confusing. You feel lucky and thankful. And you are shocked. You're shocked because the news of the fighting you sweated through has been pushed back on "page two" in the newspapers and in people's minds. We don't call it a "police action" any more; we know better than that now. But it is still the Forgotten War, "the mess out there," the what's-it-all-about war.

Well, none of us who fought the infantry war knows what it's all about. We know only what happened to us. That was dirty and cruel. What happened to me happened with deadly repetition to all the other infantrymen who fought in the mud and holes on the ridges across Korea, to the men who came home and to those who didn't.

By the end of the five endless months I fought with the 9th Infantry Regiment, I was one of the oldest members of the regiment. Almost everyone I knew in May had been rotated, wounded or killed by October.

Let's start at the beginning.

When I first saw the men of G Company of the 9th Infantry Regiment of the 2nd Division, they were bedded down in pup tents pitched on a low, rolling hill several miles behind the eastern sector of our battle line, a mile east of the destroyed

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Back home recovering from battle wounds, Bill Clark shows his father, Gen. Mark W. Clark, chief of the Army Field Forces, a Communist infantry bugle and a steel-tipped javelin hurled at American soldiers.





"Fire!" Men tense, ears covered. The ground shakes; dirt flies. Rockets roar as marines launch supporting barrage at Communists dug in on ridge above.

KOREA continued

## Communiqué: "Light enemy contact was reported"

town of Hongchon. G Company had just come off line. It had been fighting up there for a long time.

This mixed company of Negro and white personnel I was to command was a tired, battle-worn lot needing a rest and a rebirth of spirit. We had three weeks together before we took our places up front again.

Two new officers joined us. First Lt. Maurice (Tommy) Tomlinson, a sergeant in World War II, looked like anything but a soldier, and turned out to be one of the most fearless fighters in the regiment. He took over the third platoon, which, in honor of his home in Fort Worth, quickly became the Texas Platoon. Tommy made his men a brash, cocky crew. His platoon sergeant was a huge master sergeant named Joseph Vavroch (Cleveland). They called him The Rock. The Rock (6'3") and Tommy (5'4") together made a laughable but inspiring picture. They are both dead now.

Our other new officer was 2nd Lt. David G. Wilde, an ROTC graduate from Rock Springs, Wyo., a quiet, brave man who took charge of the second platoon. Wilde was later wounded. His platoon sergeant was M/Sgt. Wallace Kidd (Salt Lake City), who had won the Silver Star in a grenade battle. Because we were always short of officers, M/Sgt. John Belgarde (Dunseith, N. D.) led the first platoon and M/Sgt. Cesario Estrada (Kansas City) led the fourth, the weapons platoon.

We were ordered to move up on May 4 or 5, I don't remember which. As soon as word came, it started to rain. Trying to keep dry, we stayed in our tents. Our rolls were soaking wet when we finally made them up. If we pulled the ponchos off them to cover ourselves, our blankets were soaked. We felt pretty miserable.

After a hot lunch of hamburgers, the whole battalion climbed into open trucks and started the creeping three-hour ride to the front. About 10 miles below the 38th Parallel, we piled out of the trucks and were told to stay put until dawn. Then F Company would lead the attack.

### Baptism in Battle

We expected the kitchens to show up with hot food, but rain and mud bogged them down. It was 11 p.m. before we ate, and by then, the rain had stopped. We got a good night's sleep. I slept well. There was nothing I could do to stop the dawn. If my own company were to lead the attack, I might have been scared.

Early in the morning, F Company started up to the ridge line and there, against the sky, moved forward. E Company and my G Company followed in the valley below the ridge, covering F's flanks. By nightfall, we had met no trouble. We dug in and strung telephone wire between the companies.

Two days later, we relieved E Company,

which had joined F on the ridge, and started patrolling. We probed the enemy, searching out his strength and position, and then retired again to our fixed line.

On the first day, attacking near the river at Chunchon, we met the enemy. Our job was to flush him out of a village in the center of a long valley. On our right, a ridge ran parallel to the valley. Belgarde's platoon went up it. On our left rose two smaller hills. Tommy went ahead to the one farther up the valley and Wilde to the nearer one.

Tommy took his hill. Wilde was pinned down about 40 feet from the base of his sharp rise. I ran from my company command post across the valley to help Wilde. I saw bullets striking next to me. One hit right under my foot. It missed, but I almost broke a leg trying not to step where the bullet had already landed. Reflexes. I kept going. That was my real baptism under fire.

Wilde's platoon was not hurt but, with the enemy dug in above them, the men could not move forward. We started to pull back and the enemy followed. Our radio operator was hit in the arm. I picked up his equipment and we got out of there fast.

We had two litter cases and three or four walking wounded. It was going to be tough getting back to our lines, so we raced to join the next company on our right. I figured Joe Gook would think twice before attacking a force two companies strong. Helicopters picked up the two litter cases at our rendezvous on a nearby hill. Together, our companies moved back to the regimental perimeter.

This first fight really made me one of the company. I was a combat infantryman now. My Dad had been an infantry company commander in World War I and was wounded. I've always felt that when you fight infantry you can look anyone in the eye.

We spent the next days on patrols. I went along on most. I won't forget one on May 16. We moved forward in company strength from the top of Hill 899, near the site of my baptism in battle. Right after noon, we ran into trouble. As we pulled back off a gentle slope, a scout, Pfc. Harry J. Steigler (Missoula, Mont.), and

**MAJ. WILLIAM D. CLARK** fought as a combat infantryman in Korea. A graduate of West Point in 1945, he served in Europe with the army of occupation and later at the U. S. Military Academy. In January, 1951, he volunteered to go through parachute-jump school before shipping out to Korea. As a captain commanding a rifle company and as a battalion officer, this young professional soldier won the Silver Star and three Purple Hearts in Korea before his wounds forced him home. Bill Clark, who will be 27 on March 31, is the only son of Gen. Mark W. Clark, World War II commander of the Allied Fifteenth Army Group in Italy and now chief of the Army Field Forces. He wants to follow in his father's foot-soldier footsteps.





**His back** ripped open in grenade duel, infantry corporal (with netting on helmet) waits for litter bearer. His dog-tired platoon presses forward with fixed bayonets.



**Infantrymen**, hit in action, receive medical aid, blood and prayers at aid station sheltered by stone wall not far behind Korean front line.

a sergeant were hit by rifle fire and fell. We couldn't advance to where they lay. We had to get them out of there.

A medical aidman, Pfc. Philip D. Flynn (Everett, Mass.), and myself went forward to bring them in. We ran, stooped over, to the sergeant who was nearer. We picked him up under the armpits, dragged him back and gave him to a litter team. Enemy fire tried to stop us. Flynn and I went out to get Steigler. He was badly hit. We dragged him behind a hedge and improvised a litter with a rifle, a stick and our field jackets. We carried him around the native houses and into the trees, ducked in the shelter of a wooden shack and put down the litter to catch our breath. A machine gun sprayed a stitching of bullets right above our heads. Just like in the movies. We picked up the litter and got away as fast as we could.

The whole job took just an hour and a half. (Major Clark received the Silver Star from Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway for helping to save the lives of these two soldiers.)

### Move, Move, Move

The month of May was Red build-up time in Korea and we were under constant pressure on all sides. Everything moved so fast. We'd get on a hill, the Chinese would attack, we'd get off the hill, move to another sector, attack, get off the hill, move again. It was move, move, move. We didn't even know where we were on the big map.

On May 28, I was wounded the first time.

The Chinese drive had been stopped, and we were counterattacking into North Korea. The 187th Airborne Regiment spearheaded the drive up the road to Inje to the east, and my G Company patrolled the line of hills on Airborne's flank north of the road. We moved through a Marine outfit and on toward Hill 711. Tommy's platoon was leading again. Suddenly, his men ran into very heavy fire. One squad was pinned down. Our scouts were already on the next peak of the ridge.

I moved quickly, hunching over, around a small hill. I saw a Chinese come up out of his hole right in front of me. He aimed, fired. I got hit. My leg crumbled and I rolled down the hill to where our men were. I still don't know why he didn't keep firing.

Aidman Flynn slid over and patched me up. The bullet had gone through my right knee. I called Tommy over and gave him command of the company. The enemy hit more of

our men. Flynn went to take care of them. He lifted one man by the shoulders and was shot right through the heart and killed. Posthumously, he was awarded his third Silver Star. A very brave young man. A lot of us in G Company owe our lives to this 21-year-old medic. He is buried now in Holy Cross Cemetery in Malden, Mass.

I stayed conscious. Flynn's shot of morphine made me feel dopey. Picking myself up and inching my way back, I crawled and walked to the first platoon's supporting position. I still didn't realize my leg was broken. There isn't much pain connected with getting wounded. First, you feel a shock, a tremendous blow. The pain comes later.

Sgt. James Henderson (East Bank, W. Va.), a machine-gun squad leader, half carried and half dragged me, and we slid down off the hill to the road running along the bottom. I lay by the road waiting for a litter jeep. They told me Wilde had been hit badly in the chest and that Tommy was still running the company. Later, I learned that Tommy was also hit in that fight, through the arm, and that The Rock had been killed.

Much later, I pieced together what had happened to us up on the ridge line. We had run into the enemy in strength and were fighting elements of a regiment. All our officers were hit and the regimental executive officer took over the company. G Company finally had to withdraw with heavy casualties. When our battalion attacked the hill again the next day, the enemy had fled.

### First Purple Heart

But I was through fighting for a while; my course now was to the rear. The jeep brought me to the regimental collecting station. An ambulance carried me to the mobile surgical hospital and I was flown the next day to the hospital at Pusan, where they put a cast on my leg and pinned on a Purple Heart. Three days later, I was flown to Tokyo and my leg was operated on.

In two weeks, I could walk again with crutches. I enjoyed my weeks in Tokyo. It was good to live in a building again, to know dinner would be a hot meal and you could sleep through the night without an enemy attack.

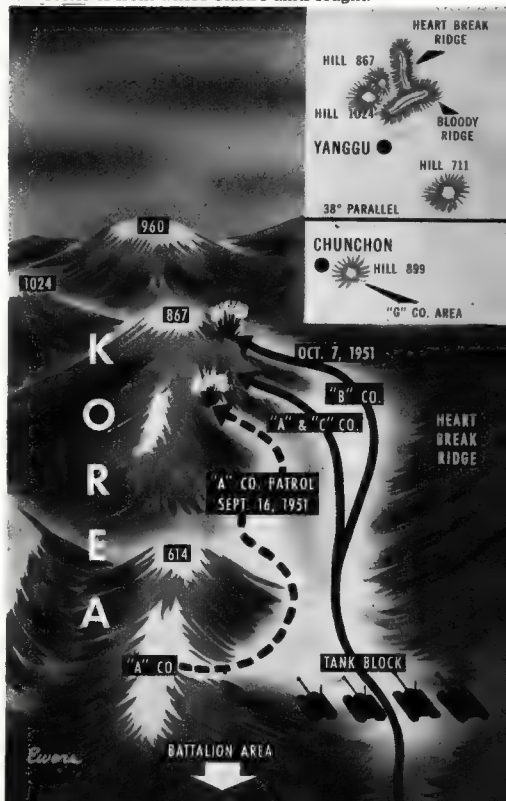
But on July 15, I flew back to Korea and located the company east of Yanggu. The men had been in really rough fighting. I was assigned as executive officer of the 1st Battalion

of the regiment, responsible for the battalion's rear installations. It was disappointing not to go back to G Company, but war doesn't wait for a wounded man. When I went over to the company to say hello, I found some of the men were dead and some had been rotated home. I was deeply moved when the company turned out in formation and presented me with my old steel helmet with the captain's bars welded on.

After a week in reserve, the regiment moved up to occupy defensive positions. We threw out aggressive patrols and ran into resistance. Bloody Ridge stood immediately in

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**Artist's view** of ridges on which Major Clark received his second and third wounds in final action (large map). Inset marks area on eastern sector of front where Clark's units fought.



## Communiqué, Oct. 8: "...one hill southwest of Heartbreak Ridge"

front of the division and the enemy was directing mortar fire from it. Bloody Ridge has since found a place in story and memory—a nightmare which none of us who luckily lived through it will ever forget. But on that summer day, it was merely another imposing height which we knew had to be taken and on which we knew some of us would die. It didn't have a name yet.

Our first mission was to support the ROK unit attacking these hills. After a very tough struggle, the South Koreans secured the heights, only to lose them a few days later when the Chinese counterattacked.

It now became our turn. We hit the ridge frontally and took it. We lost it again when the Chinese counterattacked fanatically on August 25. Then the real Battle of Bloody Ridge began.

Bloody Ridge's three peaks are strung along in a row, with 983 on the left, 900 in the center and 773 on the right. Second Battalion was to move up the long slope on the left and sweep up 983. Third Battalion moved along high ground in front of 900, and we in 1st Battalion were to cross in and approach 773 from the right end of the ridge. We were to jump off from a road running along the right tip of the ridge. Our battalion observation post was located by this road and our rear installation was down it to the south.

My job was to get ammo, food, water and replacements up to the men of the 1st Battalion snaking up 773. They were under constant small-arms and mortar fire. We were always within hand-to-hand fighting range—grenade-throwing range. The holes we dug in the earth were our only protection.

### No One Walked Down

Those kids fought that battle for eight, nine days; no one left the hill unless he was actually hurt. Each man carried just enough to keep him alive and armed. A rifleman carried a roll with a poncho and two blankets or a sleeping bag across his shoulder. What personal things he wanted with him were stuffed in his fatigue pockets. Over his fatigues were strapped four bandoleers of rifle ammunition, a cartridge belt and two to four grenades. This ammunition was supposed to last through one day of hard fighting. In his shirt, he carried the bulk of the one day's C rations he was issued each night. No one could light a fire or shave or take a bath or get clean socks. If a man moved in the daytime, someone could shoot at him from somewhere. If he were lucky, his particular enemy would be a long way off. There were snipers all over the place.

Up there in a hole on the hillside, all you can allow yourself to think about is what's right in front of you. After a while, an infantryman develops the knack of not thinking. You sit in your hole and your mind goes blank. Perhaps you think about dinner. But if you think of tomorrow being like today and the next day being like tomorrow, you can lose all hope.

Replacements were sent right into the line as fast as they arrived. Sometimes a company commander didn't even know they were there before they were wounded. On one trip to A Company, I arrived two minutes after a

lieutenant, who had joined us the day before, was shot through the head. That's how long some of them lasted.

We had companies, with 210 men at full strength, down to 20 or 30 effective men on the line. On Bloody Ridge, every single officer in our battalion who started with a rifle company was killed or wounded. Virtually all the key noncoms were killed or wounded. B Company's forward observer, Lt. Lee Hartell (Danbury, Conn.), and its commander, Capt. Edward Krzyzowski (Cicero, Ill.), were killed. Ed left his wife and four children. Another man, a sergeant, a new replacement, is up for the Medal of Honor. He threw himself on some grenades to protect his men. Lt. John H. Dunn (Jersey City, N. J.), commander of A Company, was killed; he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Lt. William Lawson (Celoron, N. Y.) of A Company was killed. Many others died. These men were close friends.

Finally, we walked up on Bloody Ridge one night. The Chinese had gone. They had taken enough pounding.

Later, when I returned home, I checked and found that 13 of my West Point classmates in Korea have been killed in action and one more died of his wounds. Seventeen more have been wounded. West Point has lost at least 74 graduates in Korea. In all of World War I, she lost only 32 men in battle.

Fresh units took over and we came down off Bloody Ridge for two days' rest and to fill our ranks. We shaved and showered and put on clean fatigues. A new major outranked me, and I became S-2 in charge of plans and operations. We moved out again.

Tommy was killed right afterwards while we supported the 2nd Battalion, fighting with the 23rd Infantry Regiment on Heartbreak Ridge. You had to know Tommy. He was a guy who always would get up and go when he had to. Mortars wounded him on Heartbreak. An aidman patched him up. He was walked down the hill with other wounded when a mortar round landed square on him. Wounded and going back to safety; now he was dead and it was all over.

I was fond of Tommy.

### Men Living in Holes

We went into what we called a blocking position, strung out across a valley just west of Bloody Ridge. Once again, the men were in the hills, men living in holes with ponchos over the top to keep the rain out, men trying to shake off the experience of Bloody Ridge --bewildered, nervous, pretty exhausted.

Some had to stay in their holes all day long or draw mortar fire. They could only move around at night. We were in the hills again, eating C rations. But at least mail could be brought up to us here and we weren't pressing forward all the time. At periods like this, you realize how much letters from home mean; how hard it is to raise a man's morale when people at home tear it down by writing him that he is doing a useless job and that he is just a pawn for politicians. Whether you think the Korean War is worth while or not, you shouldn't pull down a fighting man's efficiency. He has a job to do.



Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway pins Silver Star on Clark, again honoring 9th Infantry that fought at Lundy's Lane, San Juan Hill and Tientsin.

For the next two weeks, we sat in those holes, feeling out the enemy with patrols. One I remember very sharply. It was on Sunday, September 16, and was led by Lt. Harry Beale (Los Angeles) from A Company. It was a bright, clear morning and we stole forward nearly to the top of Hill 867, west of Heartbreak Ridge, before the enemy spotted us and started throwing mortars at us. We received several casualties. Beale was wounded and I received a head wound. It stunned me, knocked me off my haunches, but I didn't know it was more than a concussion until the blood started rolling into my eyes. At the same time, the enemy started to move around our flanks. We bugged out, leaving one man who was killed but bringing out our wounded. A squad and a half covered our rear. An advance guard led the way out and the wounded came along in the middle. Tanks met us half way up the valley and we loaded the wounded aboard.

By the time we arrived safely at battalion, it was late at night. I needed only a head bandage, but the battalion commander said I wasn't to go on any more patrols. It seems I wasn't supposed to have gone on that one.

A few days later, we attacked Hill 1024 and, after three days of close-in fighting, secured it. Then we spent five days standing off night counterattacks. We stayed there in our holes for seven, eight days.

A ROK unit finally relieved us and we were instructed to pull back and prepare to attack Hill 867, on which I had received my head wound. Pulling back in Korea consists of moving down off a hill and trying to get a good night's sleep, likely as not in a rice paddy.

Korea is a miserable, dirty place and the boys would like to see the shooting stop and get out of there.

We moved up at 4 a.m. the next morning.

Well, we didn't make it. The enemy was on 867 in strength. The morning was so foggy we couldn't see 20 feet in front of us. We couldn't get artillery because we couldn't see where to put it. We couldn't get air support because they wouldn't have known where to go in the fog. And the men were just about worn out from Bloody Ridge and 1024. They were cold and wet in this fog and rain. That attack was a real disappointment. We tried all day. At nightfall, the enemy started reaching us with mortars. We got permission to withdraw into the valley.

The men were glassy-eyed—like walking zombies. They didn't care how they smelled or what they ate, almost whether they lived or died. They were past feeling. I didn't feel that worn out myself but then I wasn't under fire all the time. A unit needs to have some people who can still care about tomorrow.

We were told we had to take that hill after a rest. We camped in the Mundung Valley, where we could see Hill 867 looming over us, a constant reminder that we hadn't done it but would the next time.

So, on October 6, we jumped off again. This time, we used our 1st and the 3rd battalions. We hit the hill from the same side. We inched our way up under fire, clinging to the mud and the stumps of the dead trees. We went up as far as we could and hung on.

At dusk, our battalion commander and I crawled up the northernmost finger to B Company, the most advanced of our units. It had

reached a point a couple of hundred yards farther along the ridge than the spot where I received my head wound on the patrol three weeks before. In our neighborhood type of war, this was pretty familiar country to me—too familiar. We spent the night with B Company.

When Sunday dawned, we got ready to attack again. The North Koreans started dropping mortars on top of B Company. They zeroed in right away. I dropped onto my left knee, facing back down the hill, and shouted to our forward observer to call up artillery fire.

A mortar round landed right behind me—and that was all she wrote.

The mortar fragments raked my back, my right arm, knee and leg. Aidmen later counted 20-odd holes.

My first reaction was that I had been struck a terrible blow in the back. There was no feeling in my legs. For a flashing moment, I feared I had received a spinal injury that would leave me paralyzed. I blacked out.

### Snipers Cut Loose

Feeling came back in spurts. I was conscious for seconds and then mercifully unconscious again. I remember being carried down the hill on a litter. I remember being hardly able to breathe. Giant arms squeezed my chest. I lay on my stomach and I remember the litter bearers dropping me repeatedly when snipers cut loose. Once they dropped me on jagged rock. I don't blame them a bit.

At the bottom of the hill, I was put on a litter jeep and rushed to the 38th Regiment collecting station. They cut all my clothes off to uncover the wounds. I don't know why, but I wouldn't let them cut off my boots. They gave

me large doses of whole blood and then a helicopter flew me to 8209 MAS Hospital. All told, I was given four pints of blood to keep me alive. Without that blood from home, I wouldn't be here now.

They opened most of my wounds and cleaned them out the best they could. After looking around at some of the other kids, I appreciated that I was in damn fine shape. From 8209, I went to an evacuation hospital; then to a general hospital in southern Japan; then to Tokyo for seven days. At last, I was flown, well taken care of by MATS, to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C.

Much later, I learned that we took Hill 867 that day. By the middle of October, the 2nd Division was pulled out of the line and our boys got a well-needed rest. I learned, too, that the same burst that had hit me killed two other men. I was lucky.

I still have shell fragments in me. Some will come out but I'll probably carry those pieces in my lung for a long time. I've gained back some of the 32 pounds I lost. When I arrived in Korea, I weighed 165; when I returned home, I was down to 133. Milk shakes and homemade pie are helping that situation.

I'm glad to be home. My months in combat seemed like a never-ending eternity. I won't forget them; none of us will.

I know now that the ground war is a forgotten war. We forget the foot soldier who has to have the guts to go forward one more step and fire one more shot. When newspapers say there was *only light patrol action*, it means that lots of our people got hurt.

I twinge when I read that and think of the guys on that patrol.

END

In a hell of smoke, shell cases, dirt and noise, infantrymen fire 75-mm. recoilless rifle in support of platoons battling the enemy directly across the valley.



# IS STALIN in TROUBLE?



**His gamble for world domination has strained the Russian people to the limit—if not beyond—and disrupted the Soviet's vaunted planned economy**

By EDWARD CRANKSHAW

**I**n the grim struggle with Stalinism, we have allowed ourselves to become hypnotized by the vastness of the Soviet Union, its colossal manpower, its virtually unlimited resources. In fact, we are so hypnotized that most of us never stop to ask how much the cold war is costing Stalin.

We know what the cold war is costing us. Sometimes it seems more than we can go on paying; the strain is so great. But I think it is high time we began to understand something of the strain on the other side.

The strain is very great indeed. Victory over Germany, the victory of a people of 180 million over a people of 80 million who were also at war with America and the British Empire, was won by the narrowest of margins and at such a cost that it took five years of sacrificial toil and hardship for the Russian people to recover. In some ways, they have not recovered yet.

On top of this gigantic task of recovery, Stalin demanded that they should also fight the cold war, which is just as real for the Russians as it is for us. Had it not been for the cold war, Soviet Russia would be a great deal stronger relative to the West than she is in fact. In this apparent paradox lies the secret of an understanding of the state of Russia today. It means simply this: In order to fight the cold war, the Kremlin has strained the Soviet people to the limit, if not beyond, and disrupted the famous planned economy; at the same time, the sleeping giant of America has been aroused.

The Kremlin's policy of expansion and disruption depended on the creation of a myth of Soviet invincibility which would frighten Europe into acquiescence; and it depended on a Communist campaign which meant the end of friendly relations with the governments of the West.

Thus, at a time when Russia needed material aid from the West more than anything else in the world, Stalin deliberately threw overboard all hope of that aid in order to exploit a situation which seemed favorable to the spread of communism and the ultimate strengthening of the Soviet Union.

The people of Russia had to pay, and it has turned out to be a price that kills. With their own efforts, augmented only by loot from the satellites, they have had to rebuild a shattered economy which was the aftermath of one of the most ruinous wars of history. More than anything else, they needed rest, houses, more food and a little color in their lives. They had earned this much by their wartime sacrifice, and there was nothing to prevent them from having it.

If Stalin had taken a conciliatory tone toward the West, sought material assistance, admitted the exhaustion of his people and made the least effort to achieve the ideal he is always talking about—the peaceful co-existence of the two systems—Russia could have gone forward to build up a new life richer than anything in her history.

Instead, Stalin chose to gamble. Looking at Europe in ruins, believing that it was ripe

for communism and could recover only with American assistance, believing that America's postwar boom would soon be followed by a disastrous slump, he set himself to break the Marshall Plan. If ERP could be defeated and the Americans driven to withdraw from Europe in disgust, then Moscow would be free to spread its influence at leisure, to consolidate its new gains into an impregnable bastion. It would stand as the only great power in Europe, reaching out also deep into Asia, against the day, dreaded above all others, when the American and the Soviet worlds would clash in a final showdown. This gamble could only make sense if it came off. It has not come off.

By cutting Russia off from the outside world and raising every hand against her, Stalin condemned his people to one of the hardest tasks in their history of suffering. Their sacrifice has been in vain. America has put Europe on its feet and now opposes the Kremlin with one of the greatest shows of power ever seen in this world. The pressures the Politburo had to exert upon the Russian people to force

CONTINUED



*British writer Edward Crankshaw was stationed in Moscow from 1941 to '43. He is the author of many books on Russia. His latest, published last year, is **Cracks in the Kremlin Wall**.*

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# SUNSWET

## PRUNE JUICE



IS STALIN IN TROUBLE? continued

# Stalin is lurching from

them to perform their sacrificial tasks have been past imagining. After the first slight relaxation of the iron hand in the immediate postwar days, the grip of the police is now more rigid than ever before. The efforts of the Politburo planners and slave drivers, plunging this way and that to stop one gap after another, become more convulsive from year to year.

The Kremlin has tried to do too much. Obsessed with the aim of achieving material parity with the United States, the Politburo sought to achieve a level of industrial production which was more than the country, without assistance from abroad, could support.

In 1946, at the beginning of the postwar Five-Year Plan, Stalin told the Russian people that when they could produce each year 60 million tons of steel, 60 million tons of oil, 500 million tons of coal, they could consider themselves "insured against all accidents"—meaning invasion by the capitalist powers. That, he said, would take them three Five-Year Plans, if not more—to 1960 or beyond. Everything else was to be sacrificed to that program. When Stalin spoke, he was assuming that, in the years to come, the Soviet Union would continue expanding her economy and that the Western World would fall into slumps and economic crises, arising out of "the inherent instability of the capitalist system."

### Cold War Plan Flaps

He spoke before he had launched the cold war. The cold war was intended to decrease the productivity of the West by causing discontent, unrest, quarrels and divisions, with a falling-off of production and consequent unemployment—leading to more unrest, in an endless vicious spiral. America was supposed to assist this process by entering into a spectacular depression after the postwar boom and spreading her unemployment to nations bound to her economy. But it turned out otherwise.

In 1950, at the end of the first plan, the Soviet Union was scheduled to produce 25 million tons of steel, 35 million tons of oil, 250 million tons of coal—the sinews of war; this with a population of close on 200 million, who were to be starved of everything to do it. But during the same period, America, with 50 million fewer people, produced 90 million tons of steel, 300 million tons of oil, 550 million tons of coal. This was done with scarcely any sacrifice at all. Now, provoked into action by Korea, the expansion of American industry has become so formidable that the original Stalin target for 1960, which once seemed heroic, looks pathetic or absurd.

### More Guns, Less Butter

That target was to be achieved at the expense of the peoples' living standards. There was little room for the development of light industry and consumer goods in the Five-Year Plan now ended. Even in 1950, the total production of shoes, for example, was less than one pair a year per head. All foodstuffs but the basic subsistence foods—rye bread, salt fish, kasha (a cereal mush), potatoes—were to remain fantastically expensive and out of reach of all but the privileged classes in the most unequal society in the world. Housing in a country where the mass of the people live four or five to a room was to be sacrificed to heavy industry. Even if the plan had been fully carried out, the Russian people would still have been worse off than they were in 1940 (though industrial production was to be considerably increased) and a great deal worse off than in the first collectivization year of 1928.

But the plan, as a whole, was not fulfilled. Faced with the growing strength of the West and the dangerous discontent of the subject populations of Eastern Europe, the Politburo seems to have lost its head. Although a slight easing of the heavy industrial program, and

Peasants are forced to work in gangs, but food production is lagging.



## one crisis to another

a slight increase in consumer goods, would have restored the balance and offered an inducement to the peasants to produce more, the Kremlin decided that, at all costs, heavy industry must be increased beyond the schedules of the plan; and this was done.

At the same time, it was discovered that the supplies of food coming in from the countryside were not enough to feed the workers in the vast new industries. This was the sort of situation that Stalin had found himself faced with in 1930 during the appalling upheaval of the collectivization of agriculture and the first Five-Year Plan. The postwar crisis was made worse by a severe drought which sharply reduced the 1946 harvest. In 1930, Stalin had bulldozed his way through a situation which would have caused any other man to give up in despair. What that action cost the Russian people in suffering can never be computed.

### Gosplan Is Junked

Today, though less crudely, he is repeating his performance of 20 years ago. He is concerned with two things and two things only: to continue with heavy industrial expansion and to force a smaller number of peasants to produce more food for a greater number of town workers. To do this, he has thrown overboard the whole principle of the balanced, centrally planned economy which was to make the Soviet Union a wonder of the world. Gosplan, the state planning commission, which for many was the main justification of the Soviet system, was abolished over a year ago and superseded by a group of ministerial committees. The idea of the Five-Year Plan has been abandoned without a word to mark its passing; it has been succeeded by a new sort of central direction which lurches, improvising, from crisis to crisis and depends on the police to implement its decisions.

Quite recently, the Voice of America reported a large-scale

peasant revolt in Kazakhstan, one of the new key areas of the Soviet economy. The peasants were revolting against the Kremlin's new agricultural policy, called into being to squeeze out of the peasants more food for the towns.

### Unrest Is Widespread

It was not a solitary revolt. These things are not as a rule possible to document without bringing down a vengeful MVD on the sources of information. But even from reading the Soviet press it is clear that all over the U.S.S.R., and particularly in the non-Russian republics — Ukraine, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan — revolts large and small have been a continuous feature of the past three years. Republican governments, republican, provincial and regional Communist party headquarters have been repeatedly purged almost out of existence; and so serious has been the threat of renaissance nationalist feeling among the minority peoples against the central government that the Kremlin has been forced to carry out a wholesale policy of dilution, resettling members of the various nationalities in tens of thousands away from their familiar homelands and putting Russians in their place.

The background to this is a simple, unromantic matter of cold fact. We hear a great deal about the mechanization of agriculture in the Soviet Union; what we do not hear is that grain production is still a good deal less per head than it was in 1928 before the collectivization began. Two years ago, the Kremlin was boasting that the prewar grain production had been surpassed. But it did not mention two things:

(1) That by 1940, Soviet food production had still not recovered from the disasters of the enforced collectivization 10 years earlier; and (2) that since 1940, the Soviet Union had added greatly to her territories and her population. In

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Heavy industry is being pushed at expense of people's living standards.



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# Outraged peasants are fighting back

other words, there was less to eat in 1940 than there had been in 1928, and there was less to eat in 1949 than there had been in 1940, because more people had to share the same amount of food. Worse still, production for 1950 was no greater than it had been in 1949; on top of all this, the Kremlin was engaged in a grain-exporting operation to serve its political ends.

This is the real situation behind the lavish displays in the shopping centers of Moscow and the other favored cities. The privileged classes—the police, party members, senior bureaucrats, Stakhanovites—all eat well. But the great mass of Russians are still worse off than before the war. When your wage is 400 rubles a month, you cannot buy much butter at 35 rubles a kilo; you cannot buy many new shoes at 300 rubles a pair. The Kremlin seems to have decided that it could still afford to neglect light industry. What were the satellites for if not to supply Russian officials and Stakhanovites with consumer goods in exchange for phony rubles? But the Kremlin could not afford to neglect the production of food. Industrial production was falling off for lack of it and so, in 1947, it started a new drive against the peasants.

First, the kolkhoz system was tidied up. All over Russia, it was discovered that during the war kolkhoz managers had connived at the breaking-up of the collectives: selling dispensations from work on the collectives; allowing, for a consideration, individual peasants to add fields belonging to the collectives to their own holdings. So urgent had been the need for food during the war that the Kremlin had not bothered to ask where it came from; most of it came not from the collectives but from private holdings at black-market prices.

It was found, furthermore, that the plan was being distorted by a widespread practice whereby factory managers made private agreements with collective-farm managers to barter their products—

which thus never reached the state. A whole series of decrees was passed to put an end to these practices. Wholesale purges were carried out, not only among the collective-farm managers but also among the local Communist officials, who ignored these abuses in exchange for bribes.

But even this was not enough. In 1948 and 1949, the government issued decrees calculated to revolutionize the whole basis of Soviet agriculture: To obtain more meat for the towns, the Kremlin cut right across the Five-Year Plan by instituting a special three-year livestock breeding plan. It aimed at breaking down the old one-acre-and-a-cow psychology and forcing the peasants to devote their energies to growing fodder for collective herds. At the same time, good arable land was to be laid down to grass. Thus, the peasant, as he saw it, was to be robbed of grain for bread in exchange for the slim hope of more milk and meat in five years' time.

## Doing It the Hard Way

These policies were resisted. On official admission, the livestock program has failed over great areas of the U.S.S.R. At the same time, neither the government decrees nor the activities of policemen on the spot could persuade the peasants to neglect their private holdings for more work on the collectives—whose produce is easily collected by the state. There were only two things to do: Give the peasants better value for their collective deliveries—which would have meant stepping up consumer goods at the expense of heavy industry—or drag them still further. Stalin, true to form, chose the latter course. Early last year, his lieutenant, N. Khrushchev of the Politburo, launched a great campaign designed to tear up the peasants by the roots, deprive them of their legitimate individual holdings and force them to work in gangs under the closest party supervision. This was the reason behind the plan to

amalgamate the collectives into few and larger units, at the same time moving the peasants into new and centralized settlements, and thus break down the stubborn vestiges of the old village economy which had defied the planners for so long.

It is a revolution, carried out from above in the traditional Russian way, almost as radical as the initial collectivization over 20 years ago. In some places, as in Kazakhstan, resistance has been violent; in others, passive. But one thing is certain: In order to obtain more food in five years' time, the Kremlin is risking an immediate drop in production while the great upheaval is in progress.

And so it is with industry. The great projects to irrigate the southern steppelands and deserts in order to bring more land under effective cultivation, to link great rivers by canals and to build the largest hydroelectric stations in the world on the Volga at Kuibyshev and Stalingrad are all long-term capital development schemes. They will not boost consumer-goods production.

I make no prophecies. The Soviet Union was somewhere near the breaking point in the 1930's; but it came through. It was near the breaking point during the war; but it came through. Today, I believe it is again near the breaking point. It may or may not come through. The only point I have tried to make is that, with the struggle for food, the struggle to hold down the national minorities and the struggle to create a still more powerful industry, Stalin has his hands full.

He can only win through by giving, or appearing to give, the people of Russia peace—which is more important to them, after the horror of the last war, even than food and rest.

This is not, as I see it, the picture of a country bent on world domination in the foreseeable future. I offer it as a glimpse of the reality behind the formidable iron front of Russia's military façade.

END



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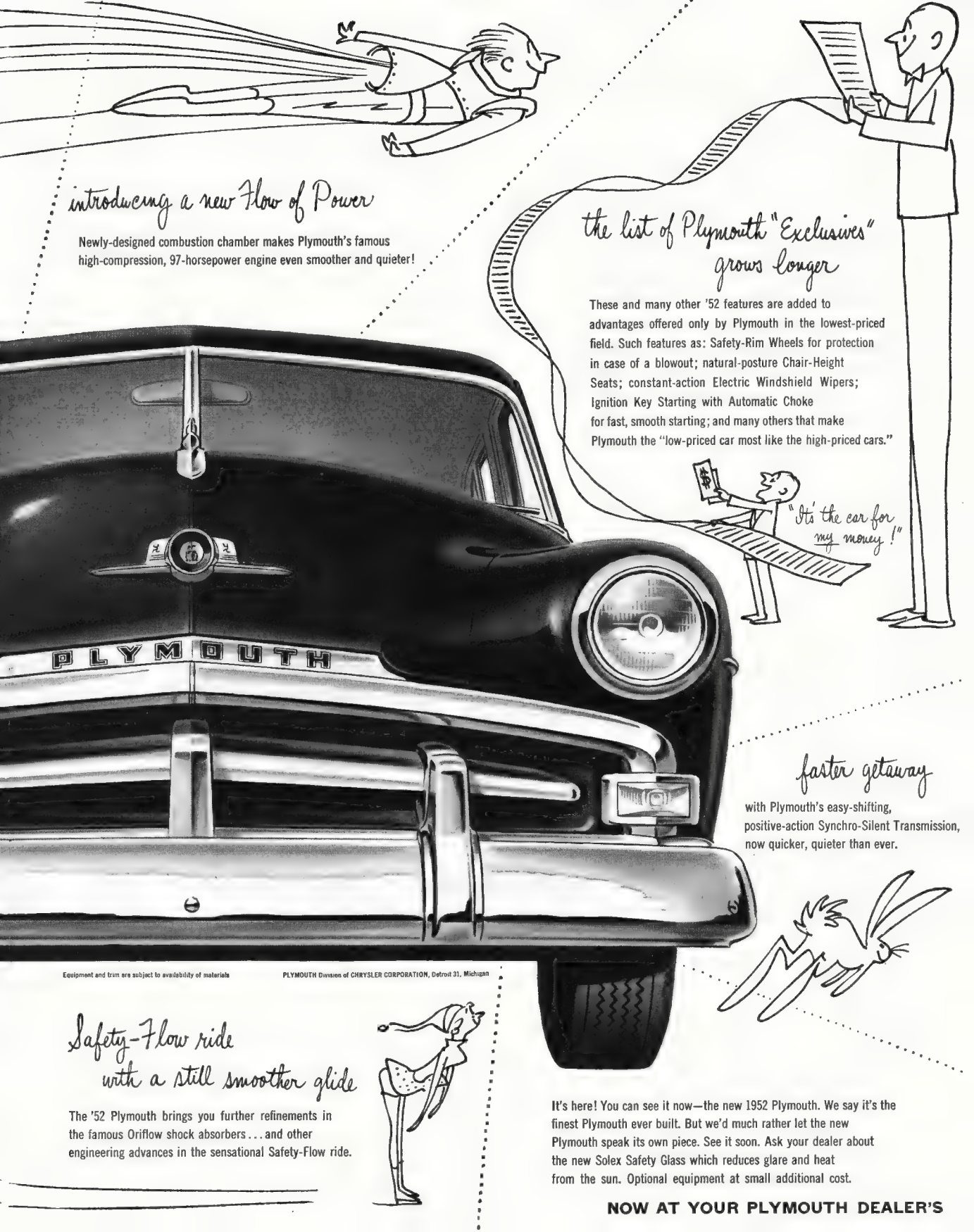
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PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

INGRID BERGMAN—

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI



A placid Ingrid Bergman knits at Rome studio, where she's making her first film since stormy *Stromboli*.

# A LOVE STORY

This remarkable story, written with the consent and encouragement of Ingrid Bergman and her husband Roberto Rossellini, tells for the first time the facts behind the most famous romance of recent years

By HOWARD TAUBMAN

WHY did Ingrid Bergman do it? Why did she throw away her career in America where, at the peak of her profession, she could ask and get \$175,000 plus a percentage of the profits for each film? Why did she let her home and marriage collapse? Why did she, of all our movie stars—she who represented wholesomeness and

spirituality in her films—flout world opinion?

Up to now, Ingrid Bergman has not explained her actions publicly. Since she let them speak for themselves, the world had no alternative but to think that she was indifferent to standards of morality.

No matter how you figured it, love had to be a dominant motive in her startling behavior. But what if there was more to the story than a sudden, heedless passion that was allowed to consume everything in one intense blaze? Why,

then, did she not tell her story simply and honestly so that judgment might be tempered with understanding?

I put this question bluntly to Miss Bergman the first day I met her. We were sitting in the living room of her villa on the edge of the Mediterranean, about 40 miles northwest of Rome. She was wearing a blue blouse, blue shorts and play shoes. Her skin was reddish brown and her blond hair was slightly bleached by the hot Italian sun. She wore no make-

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## An innocent "t'amo" stirred first gossip

up, and strands of hair, tossed by the wind from the sea a few moments before, drifted over her cheeks. Her face, which is both sweet and gaminlike in repose, grew serious. She shrugged her shoulders with a defeated gesture.

She had grown wary of talking for publication. She had tried on a number of occasions. Her words, she said, had been twisted to make sensational headlines. Her actions had been interpreted out of all recognition. Her motives had been distorted and cheapened. What was the use of trying to stem the torrent of malice and falsehood?

She and her husband, Roberto Rossellini, had heard some of the vicious tales whispered about them. They knew the one that made it seem that she had shamelessly flung herself at him the very first time she had seen him. They had heard the choice fabrication that he, upon leaving Italy to meet her for the first time, had told one and all that he would own her, completely, within a couple of days. And, of course, there were obscene slanders about them that had not reached their ears.

### Open City Is the Beginning

They had heard enough, though, to feel that there was no hope of combating the slanderous gossip. I asked Miss Bergman if she would be willing to tell the full story of her romance with Roberto Rossellini to someone who would set it down objectively, without blame or apology. She said that she would have to think about it.

She did think about it. She discussed the offer with Rossellini, and, some time later, she invited me to spend several days with her and Rossellini. We talked for hours—the three of us—through drinks and meals into the small hours of the night. Then we met again some weeks later.

What follows is their account of what happened between them.

It all began one day in New York in 1947. Ingrid Bergman was in town on one of her periodic visits and, on a free afternoon, dropped into a small theater on West 49th Street, where foreign movies were customarily shown. She wanted to see an Italian film which was in the midst of a long run and which had made a tremendous impression on connoisseurs and the public alike. The picture was *Open City*, a raw, realistic and searing account of life in Rome in the months when the Italian capital was occupied by the Germans.

To Ingrid, it was enormously exciting. She had not taken note of the credits when the picture had started, but when she left the theater she studied the posters outside. Who was responsible for this remarkable film? She found the name Rossellini. It was the first time she had encountered it.

Since she cares a great deal about fine movie making, she discussed the film with her

friends and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom. She would have talked about an important film with her husband in any case, but he had recently undertaken to act as her agent in addition to carrying on as a brain surgeon.

In the early spring of 1948, Ingrid was again in New York and heard that another Rossellini-made film, this one called *Paisan*, had begun a run in the city. She paid her way in one day after lunch. In this film, made up of six incidents in the Allied advance up the Italian boot, Rossellini had evoked, with powerful dramatic impact, the feel of war and the effect it had on liberators and liberated.

*Paisan's* effect on Ingrid was "shattering." *Open City* had disclosed new vistas, and *Paisan* expanded them. Between them, these two films were like a revelation to her. Now she understood what kind of pictures she would like to make in the future. Her experience and her instinct had convinced her that, for her at least, the best procedure was to make films with as little artifice as possible. And this clearly was the approach used by Rossellini in *Open City* and *Paisan*.

The evening of the day she saw *Paisan*, Ingrid spent with Irene M. Selznick, former wife of movie producer David Selznick and now a successful Broadway producer in her own right. They talked about *Paisan*. Ingrid remembers that they sat and chatted for hours in Irene's hotel room. It grew late, and Irene got into bed. Ingrid remained, pacing the room, repeating the wish to make such pictures.

At one point, Ingrid suggested that she might try to get in touch with Rossellini and offer to make a film with him. Irene said that maybe that would be a good idea. But how? Neither woman knew anything about Rossellini except that he was an Italian. It was Ingrid who said, "Why don't I just write him a letter?" And Irene said, "Why not?"

### "I Am Ready to Make a Film"

This letter, which led to drastic changes in the lives of a number of people, became a theme for international gossip. Both Ingrid and Roberto readily agreed to my suggestion that the letter be published so that it might speak for itself.

This was Ingrid's letter:

Dear Mr. Rossellini,

I saw your films, *Paisan* and the *Open City*, and enjoyed them very much. If you need a Swedish actress who speaks English well, who has forgotten her German, who is not very understandable in French, and who in Italian knows only "t'amo," I am ready to come and make a film with you.

Best regards,

Ingrid Bergman

Naturally, the phrase "who in Italian knows only 't'amo,'" which was wrenched from its context by those who had some glim-



The director, Roberto Rossellini, earnestly ex-

ploring of what was in the letter, became the source of leering gossip. The use of the words "t'amo"—which mean, of course, "I love you"—had been a natural, light touch. Ingrid had picked up a bit of Italian while making *Arch of Triumph* and was trying to tell this unknown Italian director in a gay way that she had a few phrases of his language. The complete innocence of her use of "t'amo" is supported by the fact that before she sent the letter to Rossellini, she gave it to her husband to read.

Rossellini makes no bones about the thrill this letter gave him. As a movie director, he naturally knew something about Ingrid Bergman. He recalls that he saw her for the first time in *Intermezzo* and was impressed with her gifts as an actress. He insists, however, that her name hardly registered at that time because his primary concern is with films, not names.



Last summer, while in Europe to cover music festivals, Howard Taubman, music editor of the New York Times, was taken by a mutual friend to meet Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini at their country home outside Rome. This article, unanticipated by Taubman, grew out of that meeting. Because his specialty is music—not movies—Taubman had seen only one Bergman film, knew little of her relationship with Rossellini. He thus feels he sees their story with unusual objectivity.



plains a movie scene to actress Ingrid Bergman. It was the unknown Italian director, rather than the man himself, with whom Ingrid first fell in love.

Evidently, her name left a deeper impression on him than he realized. Some years later, when Ingrid and Roberto were together, he ran off a print of *Open City* for her. By this time, she had mastered some Italian and could listen to the Italian dialogue; in New York, when she had first seen the picture, she had followed it by reading the English subtitles.

She noticed this time that one of the girls in the story was called Ingrid and that one of the German characters was named Bergman. *Open City* had been made in 1945, long before Ingrid and Roberto had met. She jumped up in excitement during the screening, pointing out that he had got her name into the picture. Rossellini insisted then, as he does now, that it was wholly unconscious, but he does not deny that the coincidence may have significance.

The letter reached Rossellini on May 8, 1948, the day of his 44th birthday. His English was not so reliable then as it is now, so he sought out three friends to make an exact translation of the letter. He could scarcely believe at first that this world-renowned star was offering to make a film under his direction. "What a birthday gift!" he cried when he was finally convinced that this was exactly what she was offering.

That very day, he sent Ingrid the following night letter by cable:

MRS. INGRID BERGMAN

I JUST RECEIVED WITH GREAT EMOTION YOUR LETTER WHICH HAPPENS TO ARRIVE ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BIRTHDAY ON THE MOST PRECIOUS GIFT STOP IT IS ABSOLUTELY TRUE THAT I DREAMED TO MAKE A FILM WITH YOU AND FROM THIS VERY MOMENT I WILL DO EVERYTHING THAT

SUCH DREAM BECOMES REALITY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE STOP I WILL WRITE YOU A LONG LETTER TO SUBMIT TO YOU MY IDEAS STOP WITH MY ADMIRATION PLEASE ACCEPT THE EXPRESSION OF MY GRATITUDE TOGETHER WITH MY BEST REGARDS.

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI  
HOTEL EXCELSIOR ROME

The writing of the letter took longer than he had planned, and it was certainly an extensive missive. He drew it up in Italian and, with the help of friends, translated it into English.

This letter, which contained the outline of the story which was to become the film *Stromboli*, made a deep impression on Ingrid. The story idea appealed to her, as did the personality of the writer which shone through his writing. She showed the letter to her husband and then, writing more formally, she sent a brief note to Rossellini saying that she liked the

CONTINUED

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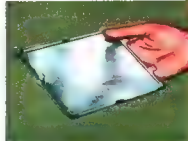
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A LOVE STORY *continued*

## A porter spoils Roberto's plan to keep Paris meeting with Ingrid secret

story idea. She added that she was about to leave for London to make *Under Capricorn*, a film Alfred Hitchcock was to direct. She suggested that he prepare a script and send it to her in London.

Roberto did nothing of the sort. It had never been his habit to use a complete shooting script as most other film directors do. Starting with a central idea, he shot scenes as he went along. Often, dialogue would be written the night before a scene was to be shot; occasionally, it would be composed almost as the cameras were grinding.

### "You Know, He's Crazy"

In London, Ingrid waited for some word from Rossellini. None came. When she met film people who had been in Italy, she would ask about him. She remembers one young man who recounted some particulars about Rossellini's personality and working habits, then ended with the comment: "You know, he's crazy."

In the meantime, news had seeped out that Ingrid Bergman was interested in appearing in a film with Roberto Rossellini as director, and various people turned up at her hotel in London purporting to be emissaries from the Italian director. They all had angles. It soon became clear to her that nearly all were motivated largely by self-interest.

She became angry, and she scribbled a sharply worded note to Rossellini. "If we are to make a picture," she said, "I want to discuss it only with you."

Rossellini was shocked by the tone of this letter. He had not sent a host of messengers. The only man he had authorized to call her at first was Rudolph Solmsen, his European representative. At about this time, he had also met Ilya Lopert, a distributor of foreign-made films in America, who was prepared to finance the production of a Bergman-Rossellini movie.

With the help of Lopert and Solmsen, a meeting between Ingrid and Roberto was fixed for late September. Paris was chosen as the site, at Ingrid's suggestion, since she went there nearly every week end that she could get away from London.

Down in Amalfi in southern Italy, where he was making a movie, Rossellini hoped to slip away quietly without explanations to any one in his company. He did not want the meeting with Ingrid to become a matter of public discussion until something concrete had been decided upon. Accordingly, he took aside the porter at his Amalfi hotel and told him: "I ex-

pect a cable, but do not give it to me until I ask you for it. Do you understand?" The porter replied that he understood.

Some time later, while Rossellini was dining with members of his company, the porter approached him and made this careful report: "If you will now ask me for the cable I am not to give you until you ask for it, I can now give it to you." Since Italians rise to the bait of mysterious proceedings as readily as anyone else, rumors immediately began to circulate. And when Rossellini disappeared from Amalfi for the week end, the rumors multiplied.

An appointment was fixed for Sunday at noon in Ingrid's suite at the Hotel George V off the Champs Elysée. Just before the appointed hour, Dr. Lindstrom told his wife that he would go out and return at one o'clock. This was in keeping with his attitude that he should not meddle in her choice of film subjects and collaborators. But he knew—they had talked about this many times—how eager she was to make more stimulating films, and he cautioned her against committing herself unreservedly to any picture deal before his return. She promised that she would not say "Yes" without his approval, and he left.

Promptly at noon, her visitors—Lopert, Solmsen and Rossellini—arrived. As Ingrid recalled later, it was one of the few times in his life that Roberto was punctual. She gave him a quick examination. He looked thin, small, almost stooped in shyness. Actually, he is not a small man.

Throughout this first meeting, they spoke through Lopert and Solmsen as interpreters. The conversation, naturally, was about the plan to make a film together. Rossellini's remarks, always addressed to the interpreters, were brief, halting, almost indifferent.

### Ingrid Could Speak Swedish

What about the script, Ingrid inquired. Was he working on it?

Never use a script, Rossellini murmured.

How long would it take to make this film?

He didn't know—could do it in four weeks if necessary.

That's impossible, she said. It takes ten weeks at the very least in Hollywood.

All right, he replied amiably, I'll take ten weeks.

What language would they use? Any language, he said to the interpreters. She could speak Swedish if she liked.

What about the supporting cast?



While crowds and cameramen ruffled Roberto, Ingrid kept her composure.

He shrugged. He would pick it up as they went along.

Everything he said went against all her experience in Hollywood, and she was enchanted by his casual attitude toward all the routine that she had been taught to believe inevitable.

Exactly at one o'clock, a key turned in the door, and Dr. Lindstrom opened it. Ingrid rushed to her husband.

"Please, Peter," she whispered, "don't make it hard. Let's not ask impossible terms. Let's say 'yes.' I want to make this picture."

Dr. Lindstrom listened patiently and asked, "Did you promise anything?"

#### Roberto Plucks Flower

"No," she answered, "but, please, I want to do it."

All five had lunch in the suite at the Hotel George V. They began to discuss terms. Dr. Lindstrom mentioned Ingrid's usual fee, and Ingrid became fearful, knowing that they were stiff figures. Lopert and Solmsen agreed without argument. Ingrid recalls that she had to keep a tight hold on herself to avoid crying out to these men that they need not agree to everything so readily.

Rossellini said almost nothing during the meal. He looked down at his plate, ate little and seemed not to be listening. At the end of lunch, the visitors rose to depart. He turned to Ingrid and said to her in slow, heavily accented English: "Do we make the picture, yes or no?"

It was literally the first time in more than two hours that he had looked at her and spoken to her directly. She did not hesitate to answer. Her instant response was: "Yes."

But the talk of the others turned to business again. Rossellini, evidently annoyed, plucked an imaginary flower out of an imaginary vase and began muttering in French, "We make it, we don't make it." Ingrid wanted to know what he was saying. "He's picking daisies," she was told.

Ingrid and her husband went back to London and presently, with

*Under Capricorn* completed, to Hollywood. Rossellini returned to Italy to finish the film that was to raise up such a dust storm of controversy in America several years later—*The Miracle*.

In Hollywood, Ingrid set about the task of getting the support, financing and distribution resources of an important American company or producer for her first film with Rossellini. Samuel Goldwyn said he was interested, and she began a series of talks with him. She remembers that Goldwyn could not or would not get Rossellini's name straight. He kept speaking of him as Mussolini. She remembers, too, that she grew weary of the long discussions and insisted on a decision. At one point, Goldwyn stared at her and asked, "Bergman, what's come over you?"

From Rossellini, she heard little. She thought he understood that a full script was required of him. With a script in hand, she knew that the problem of obtaining backing would be relatively simple. But the kind of script Hollywood was accustomed to did not arrive. In Rossellini's mind, apparently the four-page, single-spaced, typed letter he had sent her in May was sufficient.

#### Gives Up on Script

She wrote to him, saying that no one in Hollywood would ever make a deal with so little story to go on. Finally, she decided that it would be fruitless to keep writing for scripts alone—that the only hope of arriving at a final deal would be for him to come to Hollywood himself. Lopert, too, insisted that Rossellini must come to America.

But even when she knew that Roberto would accept her invitation to come to California, Ingrid kept reminding him of the urgent script requirements. Here is a letter she wrote on December 4, 1948:

Dear Mr. Rossellini,  
From today on, Dec. 4, there are no more flowers for you to pluck. Now it is me saying: Good script, bad script, good script, bad . . .

I am very happy!

Ingrid Bergman  
At Christmastime, she received

CONTINUED

#### New thousands enjoy the King of Blends

Any way you look at it—King brings you finer, *lighter* flavor—for extra smoothness and mildness in your favorite drink! Actually *taste-engineered* for the thousands who prefer a really light whisky! Enjoy it today!

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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION - AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

## Ingrid, on seeing Roberto, failed to hide excitement

flowers from Rossellini by cable. They were red roses. He insists that he did not stipulate red roses, which were evidently the idea of the florist in Los Angeles.

In January, 1949, Rossellini arrived in New York by plane, and since this was his first visit to America, he was given the V.I.P. treatment. There was a luncheon in his honor at 21 Club. Then he received the award of the New York Film Critics for *Paisan*, which had been voted the best foreign-language picture of the year. The next day, he boarded the train for the long ride to California.

Ingrid remembers being in her Beverly Hills home one Sunday night while Rossellini

was en route. The radio was on, and she was knitting. Suddenly, the machine-gun delivery of Walter Winchell came from the loudspeaker, and she heard him say, "Ingrid Bergman's one and only love is coming to Hollywood to see her." Her needles stopped, and she thought in dismay, "What can I do about such gossip?"

As she waited for Rossellini to call on her at home for the first time, she was almost uncontrollably nervous. She was sitting, apparently calm, when he walked in. But she could not talk. She tried to light a cigaret, and her hand trembled so much that the flame died out. She was horrified, but she was nevertheless sufficiently aware to notice that her hus-

band had been watching the ineffectual struggle with the cigaret and match.

Was she, then, in love with Roberto? Perhaps her husband had some suspicion, but she believes that he probably brushed the thought away. He had, after all, consented to her invitation to Rossellini to come to Hollywood. And Dr. Lindstrom knew his wife well enough to understand that she was always in a flutter of suspense as a new and exciting film project seemed to be in the making.

As for herself, she did not stop to analyze her emotions. When she thought at all about her feelings toward Rossellini, her concern was to protect him in the Hollywood jungle.

At Stromboli, Ingrid and Rossellini (in white handkerchief) eat lunch with film crew. During first film-contract talks in Paris, Ingrid pleaded with her husband,



At first, Roberto was received as a very important person indeed. He was put up in style by Lopert, who was footing the bill for the trip to America. Billy Wilder, writer and director, gave a reception in his honor, and nearly all Hollywood turned out. Ingrid watched Roberto at this party, and she could see the signs of trouble coming. He seemed to be unconscious of the Hollywood scheme of values. He did not give his time and attention to the important people. Then, and later, he did and said the wrong things.

Ingrid, with her husband's agreement, gave a party in Roberto's honor. When she asked him whom he wanted to meet, Roberto had Charlie Chaplin first on his list. This meeting could not be arranged at the time. Rossellini had only three other choices, and for these reasons:

1. Clark Gable, because he wanted to ex-

amine at close range the prototype of the old-fashioned American star of the stature of a Valentino (unfortunately, he never met Gable).

2. Bette Davis, because he regarded her as a fine actress.

3. King Vidor, because he was the director he admired most. Vidor's film *Hallelujah*, made many years before, had taught Rossellini more than any other American picture. Since it happened that Vidor at this time was somewhat in eclipse, the directors riding the crest of popularity were irked. Vidor himself was deeply moved.

Contract discussions soon began with Goldwyn and, as in Paris, Rossellini said very little. On February 5, Goldwyn called a press conference to announce his association with Bergman, Rossellini and Lopert. He would "present" the film, handle its distribution and participate in its financing.

Goldwyn soon after gave a small party at his home, and Roberto showed two of his latest films, *Germany*, *Year Zero*, and *The Miracle*, in the private projection room. Ingrid felt that the hosts and other guests were indifferent to these pictures. She remembers that she sat on the floor near Roberto's chair, and when no one made any comment—flattering or otherwise—at the end of the screenings, she impulsively brushed Rossellini's cheek with her lips. It was, she recalls, a natural, almost unconscious, sympathetic gesture—her way of trying to give him courage and to counteract the coldness in the room.

#### Roberto Moves to Guest House

By the middle of February, all the resentment that had been brewing against Rossellini had turned into ominous hostility. Goldwyn withdrew from the deal. Rossellini broke with Lopert, who told Rossellini that he would have to finance himself during the rest of his stay in America. Roberto found himself broke, since he had not been able to bring any money out of Italy.

With her husband's permission, Ingrid invited Rossellini to move into the guest house of her Beverly Hills place. It was clear to her by now that nearly all Hollywood seemed to be down on her for her willingness to make a film with Rossellini. Her feeling that Rossellini needed her protection grew. She gave him more of her time, took him to eating places she liked and on tours of places she thought he ought to see. She did not try to conceal these efforts to entertain him; there was nothing to conceal. But they were seen together a great deal, and the tongues of the busybodies wagged violently.

Roberto did not tell Ingrid all that he was feeling. But he knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that he was in love with her. He says that he sat for hours alone in her guest house playing a recording of Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Schéhérazade*, especially the love music.

With no interpreter to translate for them, Ingrid plunged into the bit of French she knew, and she found that the words came to her. They would sit together in the evening—often with her husband to fill out the triangle—talking about movie making.

When Goldwyn and Lopert moved out of

the deal, Howard Hughes, who had just purchased controlling interest in RKO, stepped in. Contracts were soon signed, and these stipulated that the picture must be before the cameras by April 1.

Just before Roberto's departure from Hollywood, he borrowed \$300 from Ingrid, explaining that he needed the money for expenses on the way home. He promised to repay her in lire upon her arrival in Italy, and he did.

The day before he left, he went out and blew practically the entire \$300 on gifts. He told Ingrid that he wished to buy something for his eight-year-old son, Renzino, and she took him to a toy shop in Beverly Hills. In the shop, near the entrance, stood a handsome toy cow, almost three feet tall. Ingrid glanced at it, evidently more than casually. For weeks, her 11-year-old daughter, Pia, had been pleading for this toy. Since it cost \$75, Dr. Lindstrom, reasonably enough, had refused to buy it. Roberto had no idea that this toy was Pia's heart's desire, but when Ingrid left him in the store to do his shopping, he bought it, along with an Indian headdress, cowboy boots, leather chaps and two-gun holsters for Renzino.

This present for Pia proved to be another subtle step in the development of the Bergman-Rossellini romance. When Pia unwrapped her gift and saw that it was the longed-for cow, Ingrid turned aside and wept.

Roberto had bought other gifts. There was a pen-and-pencil set for Ingrid's secretary. There was an elegant alligator traveling bag for Ingrid herself. And there were several expensive ties for Dr. Lindstrom.

Rossellini left America at the end of February, and Ingrid arrived in New York two weeks later. By this time, the gossips were working overtime. They whispered that she ate only in Italian restaurants; she says she did not eat in a single Italian place. They said that she went only to Italian movies; she insists she did not see a single one.

#### Crowd Grets Ingrid

Hoping to arrive in Rome without fanfare, Ingrid left New York by plane a day ahead of her scheduled departure. But someone—perhaps the air line, also in Howard Hughes' control—let the secret out. There was a crowd at the Paris airport when she arrived. When she got to Ciampino, the airfield near Rome, it was a little past midnight. Roberto, waiting for her, kept hoping she would land before midnight—on March 19, not March 20. He had come to look for good omens and, since March 19 was his father's name day, he thought it would be a properly auspicious arrival date.

As the plane circled over Ciampino, Ingrid supposed that the city, brilliantly illuminated, was celebrating a holiday. But she found that the appearance came from special floodlights playing on the airport. An immense crowd had gathered to witness her arrival.

The other passengers fled out. Ingrid remained in her seat, intimidated by the sight of the mob and trembling from her own emotions. Roberto walked into the plane. He kissed her lightly on the cheeks, European fashion. Then he looked at her and whispered "*Je t'aime*." It was the first time that the word "love" had passed between them in earnest.

END

With Ingrid Bergman's arrival in Rome, the international gasping had only begun. The next issue of LOOK will tell the authorized story of how she and Rossellini defied the world to find a life together.



With furnishings removed from their rooms (bottom of page) are top decorators Nancy McClelland, William Pahlmann, Eugene Stephenson and Elisabeth Draper.

## don't be afraid of your taste

**Contemporary** is the style of this plain-carpeted, smoothly paneled living room for a Stephenson client. ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐



The 20 numbered pieces of furnishings above were taken out of the four rooms below—three of them the decorators' own apartments. They have been deliberately mixed to give you a chance to test your taste. Sort them out and put them back, noticing the different number of pieces allotted to each room.

**Traditional** bay-windowed setting is preferred by Nancy McClelland for her home. ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐





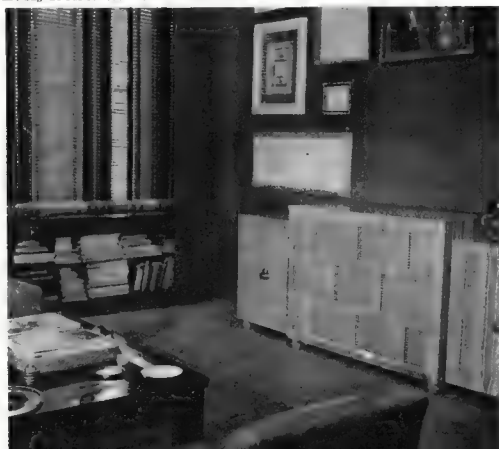
Like 8000 fellow U. S. interior decorators, they make a business of advising the American homemaker. Test your taste with theirs by playing this decorating game.

Know that you are free to mix periods and that top decorators choose furnishings on the basis of size, shape, color and use. The skill with which you, too, combine antique, traditional, contemporary and modern pieces—to achieve warm, harmonious interiors—is the measure of your decorating instinct.

To play the game, jot down the number of every piece you choose in the small box above the semi-empty room where you feel it belongs. Then turn the page to check your selections with these four top decorators. Remember that good decorating today follows no set rules—and don't be afraid of your taste.

CONTINUED

**Modern** textures and vivid colors determine the lively look of William Pahlmann's own apartment.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐


**Classic** high-ceilinged living room, rich in space and adornment, is Elisabeth Draper's personal choice.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐


# L-I-L ABNER by AL CAPP

NIGHTMARE ALICE, TH' CONJURE WOMAN, IS P-PUTTIN' TH' HEX ON L-I-L ABNER!!

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**CACKLE!!** AH SETS THIS VOODOO DOLLY ON TH' ICE - AN' THE REAL L-I-L ABNER KETCHES TH' **YANKEE CHILL!!**



AH FOUND HIM COLD AS A MACKEREL, SHIVERIN' LIKE A SHAD AN' STIFF AS A STURGEON!!

SOUNDS FISHY - BUT IT MIGHT BE **TH' YANKEE CHILL!!** AH KIN CURE IT, IN MERELY 5 MINUTES!!

HYAR YO' IS, SON - PIPIN' HOT, CHILL-CHASIN' ENRICHED 5 MINUTE **'CREAM OF WHEAT!'** GIT CHOMPIN' ON THE FOOD-ENERGY, MINNY-RULES AN' VITY-MINS!!



**TH' HEX IS BROKE!!** - HE'S WARMIN' UP FAST - THANKS T' **'CREAM OF WHEAT!'** NOW, AH IS GONNA PAY A L-I-L SOSHUL CALL ON NIGHTMARE ALICE!!

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**GET THAT CREAM OF WHEAT FEELING!**

COSTS LESS THAN \$4 A BOWL!

## YOUR TASTE continued



Eugene Stephenson puts antiques and modern at ease in this living room. He plans rooms for comfort and color. The contemporary kidney-shaped sofa **16** and simple box chair **1** with matching ottoman **4** provide the comfort; while the 18th-century tapestry around the fireplace and the lamp **5** from an early-17th-century gold-leaf figure add color. The circular glass-topped sofa table **13** as well as the pair of fireside tables were custom-made from interior decorator Stephenson's own modern designs.

## Decorators' answers to "don't-



William Pahlmann has a free style and lively imagination which can give a series of stores (Bonwit Teller's) or a single room a sense of modern luxury. "Merely to fill a room with furniture is not decorating," he says. "It must be right for the person's aspirations as well as for his needs." A drawing **7** by famous French modern Léger, a contemporary Mexican silver fruit bowl **14**, a gilded Victorian mermaid pedestal **19** and a Louis XVI gold vealskin chair **12** all look right in his modern apartment.



Nancy McClelland, celebrated for her restoration work in famous houses—Mt. Vernon, Longfellow's home and Lee's headquarters—has a reputation for decorating easy, livable rooms that reflect the leisurely life of past centuries. The 18th-century dining table **6**, the mirrored lamp base **20**, Louis XV armchairs **2**, **17** and the French Directoire chair **9** in her own sunny room are all authentic antiques. The mahogany folding coffee table **18** adds something modern to this traditional room.

## be-afraid-of-your-taste" game



Elisabeth Draper's Italianate living room holds an 18th-century terracotta bust **15**, a copy of a Louis XV marble-topped table **3**, a turn-of-the-century oak dining table **11**, four ice-cream-parlor metal chairs **10** and a satin-covered club chair **8**. If you didn't put things in the same rooms as the experts, they would be the first to assure you that decorating follows no set rules but an instinctive insight or delicate good sense for selecting furnishings from any period—for their color, scale, shape and use.

END

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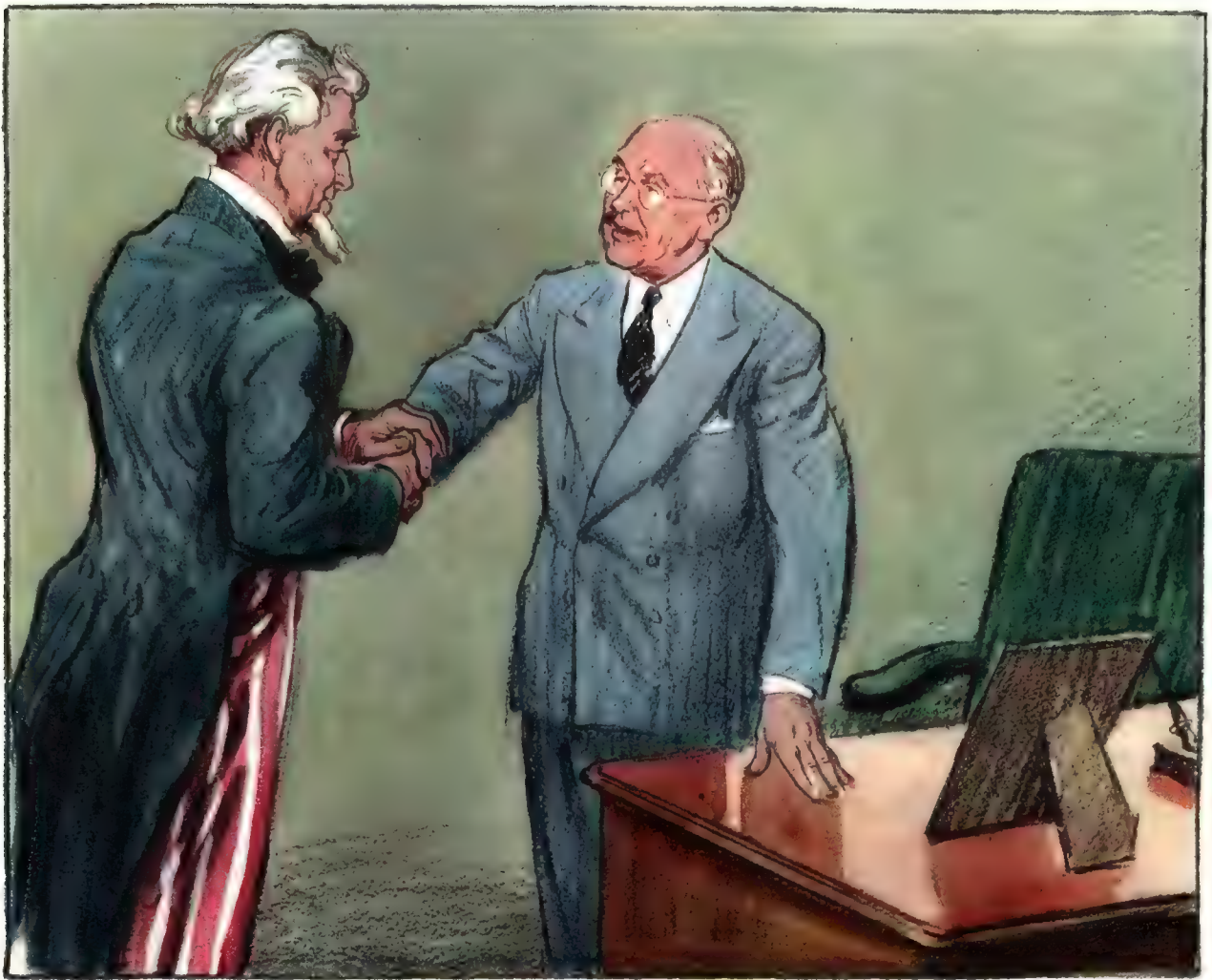
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helped Uncle Sam conduct salvage campaigns for metals, fats and paper. Again, *you met the need*.

Forest fires were robbing the country of one of our most needed raw materials. Millions of acres of valuable timber were being lost through human carelessness. The Council and Smokey, the fire-preventin' bear, soon made the public forest-fire conscious—and more careful. Vast stores of timber were saved.

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*Over a billion and a half dollars* in advertising space and time have been given freely by American business to do these vital jobs in the public interest. Hardly an American but knows about them and has had some part in their progress.

This publication salutes The Advertising Council on its Tenth Anniversary as a wonderful example of American teamwork. Its achievements are a tribute to the whole American people—to business that supports its activities—to all those devoted workers, in so many fields, who have helped year after year to tell you what needed doing. But most of all to *you* who *did it*!



Although there are more picnickers and campers in the woods each year, the number of forest fires has been cut by about 10,000 annually. When the campaign began, there were more than 200,000 destructive forest fires per year, most of them caused by human carelessness. Smokey has helped us all to be more careful and prevent such waste.

## The Advertising Council

### What it is and what it does

As it starts on its second decade, The Advertising Council is a fine example of the conscience of America in action. It is a voluntary organization—*independent, non-profit, non-partisan*—dedicated to the welfare and progress of all our people. The Council donates its services to the causes it aids.

It is composed largely of advertisers, advertising agencies and media, including magazines, newspapers, radio and television, the outdoor and transportation advertising groups.

The Council's budget is contributed by business generally. Space and time for Council programs are donated by advertisers and media. Advertising agencies provide free creative talent for the preparation of campaign materials.

As the first organized, systematic method of getting important messages to the public quickly, the Council annually reviews hundreds of requests for help from government agencies and leading non-profit organizations which have learned that advertising—through simplification, dramatization and repetition—spot-lights needs and gets things done.

Closely associated with the Council is an Industries Advisory Committee consisting of 38 business leaders and a Public Policy Committee which evaluates requests for campaigns. The latter includes 20 leading representatives of management, labor, education, agriculture, religion, medicine and journalism.

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Reminded by ads like this, contributed by the magazines of America at no cost to Uncle Sam or the tax-payer, you now own over \$35 billion in Defense Bonds.



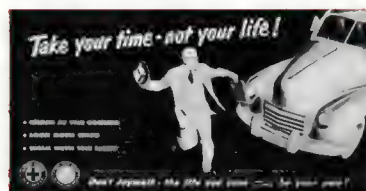
We must increase productivity all along the line if we are to meet our defense needs and maintain a strong civilian economy. House magazines of leading companies carry ads like this regularly.



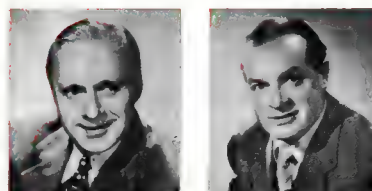
You learned of the nurse shortage from ads like this, many contributed by daily, weekly and labor newspapers. In five years, 418,000 young women have responded.



When scrap is needed quickly to keep our defense plants rolling, ads like this, sponsored by leading business and trade publications, help to make that need known.



The posters you see along the thoroughfares and in your transportation vehicles often carry messages in the public interest. Posters like this have helped to cut down percentage of fatal accidents to miles traveled. The space is given by the Outdoor and Transportation advertising industries.



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This advertisement is contributed by LOOK magazine as a public service.



**“But, Jack, what in the world *are* we going to do?”**

“There’s nothing to worry about, honey. All the firm’s losses were covered by fire insurance. We’re going back to work in temporary quarters until the new building is ready.”

When insurance pays the firm’s fire losses, it is helping all the employees,

too. For it means their jobs are safe . . . their earning power will be quickly restored. In this way, fire insurance gives financial stability to all business, safeguards the security of your job, and helps to maintain your prosperity and well-being.

But fire insurance does even more than this. ● It safeguards the community you live in by providing engineering and inspection services and by recommending laws for fire-safe construction. ● It guards the lives of your children at school with fire prevention education. ● In providing a sound basis for credit, it helps business, large and small, to enjoy the advantages of free enterprise. ● And, of course, fire insurance is a vital factor in protecting the nation’s expanding industrial production. ● *That’s why—in these critical times —fire insurance is everybody’s business.*

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Is it *FULLY* insured?**

Suppose your home burned down today. Would your fire insurance rebuild it at today’s higher costs? And what about your furniture, clothing, television set and all your other belongings! Have you increased your fire insurance on them?

Too little insurance can be very costly. Call your agent or broker right away for an examination of your policies.



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# Big Chief

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Streamlined **limiteds** have built the Santa Fe's reputation for carrying Hollywood celebrities in the luxurious style to which they become accustomed. More profitable, though, are the long freight trains which carry cattle, fruit and wheat eastward, return with manufactured products.

Brilliant-red rock formations, created through erosion, seem to recede toward infinity in Monument Valley, northern Arizona home of the Navajos.



CONTINUED

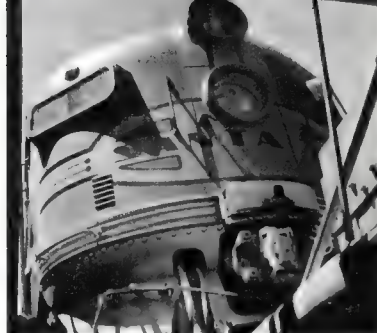


**Tourists at Ranchos de Taos** examine an adobe church, one of the oldest in the U. S.



**Navajos, preparing dinner** in front of hogan, can enjoy a priceless Monument Valley view.

**Travelers alight from the Santa Fe Chief** at Albuquerque to see Fred Harvey art museum.



**Powerful Diesels** are well adapted for long hauls up mountains, across deserts.

**BIG CHIEF** continued

## On the Santa Fe, every stop has something to lure tourists

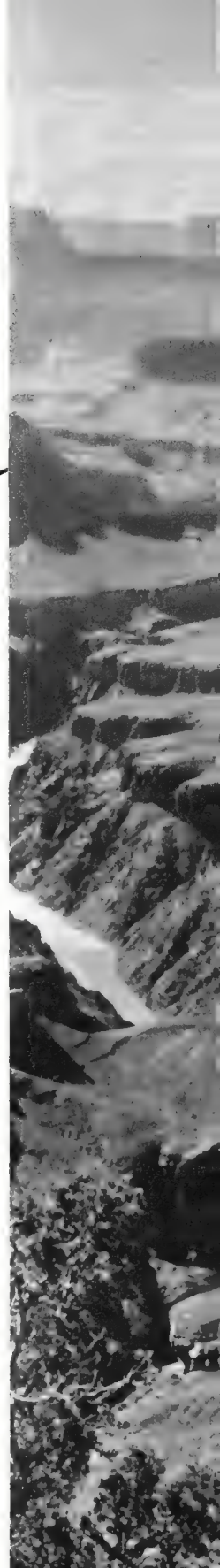


**Operator at Santa Fe classification yard** puts merchandise cars in right trains.



**At Santa Fe's La Fonda Hotel**, guests bask in the sunshine of outdoor cantina.

**Stolid Indians of many tribes** gather at Gallup for ceremonial games, dances.





From an awesome point on the rim of the Grand Canyon, Bill Parks, a Fred Harvey guide, traces winding Colorado for Los Angeles tourists Ronnie Lamb, Mary Sullivan and Jeannie Hoerner.

CONTINUED



The eastbound *Chief* winds upward through Cajon Pass, from the coast to the high desert plateau.

## The Grand Canyon tops all scenic spots

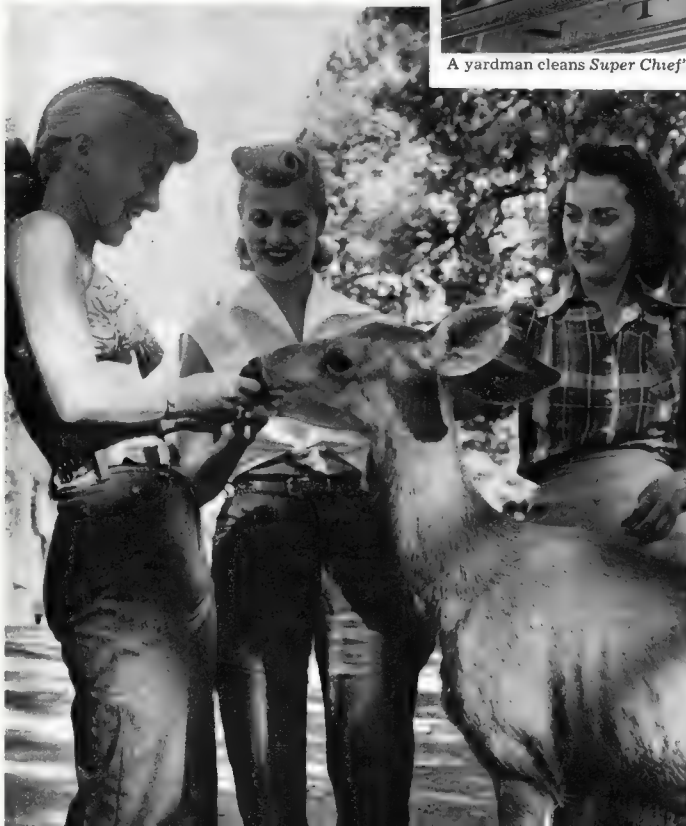
Hopi bellboys meet girls at hotel on canyon



Riding muleback, Mary, Ronnie and Jeannie join a party going to bottom of Grand Canyon. Trip along steep trails takes eight hours.



Deer are plentiful at Grand Canyon's Kaibab Forest.



A yardman cleans *Super Chief's* Pleasure Dome car.



In 113-degree heat at Phantom Ranch, on the floor of the Grand Canyon, Mary douses her shampooed hair in fountain.

Continued



Actress Marta Toren samples hors d'oeuvres in lounge of *Super Chief*.



Academy Award winner Judy Holliday dials radio in her drawing room on the eastbound *Super Chief*.



Columnist Louella Parsons, a Hollywood - New York commuter, chats across the aisle with Marta.

**BIG CHIEF** continued

## Luxury trains speed through wide-open country of cowboys, Indians

Like small boys everywhere, these two Navajo youngsters wave to an engineer-hero, whose crack *Chief* is hitting 110 miles an hour east of Gallup, New Mexico.



The Penitentes, a New Mexico sect, built this crude cross.



At annual Gallup Indian show, fires light night dances.

Tourists inspect setback construction of Taos Pueblo.





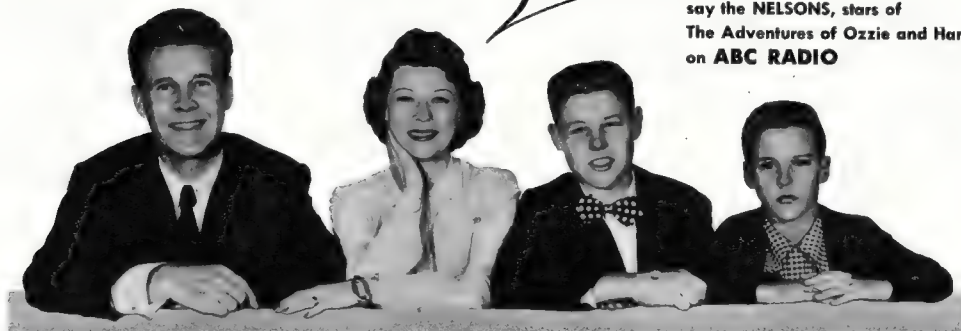
From their perch on the roof of the Hopi house in Grand Canyon National Park, Ronnie and Mary watch the Indians perform their colorful Hopi eagle dance.

Expert riders, the Indians of the Southwest are stealing some of the cowboys' thunder. Their rodeos are among the most exciting in the Santa Fe territory.



COUNT 'EM!

# 52 WAYS TO ENJOY YOURSELF IN '52



say the NELSONS, stars of  
The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet  
on ABC RADIO



OZZIE

TAKE MY WORD  
FOR IT! YOU CAN'T  
BEAT ABC'S FAMILY OF  
STARS FOR MUSIC, NEWS,  
COMEDY AND DRAMA.



Walter Winchell, America's  
exciting one-man news-  
paper! Sundays, 9 pm.  
(Warner-Hudnut)



Ricci and Diamond, Private De-  
tective. Dick Powell stars  
in this taut thriller! Fri-  
days, 8 pm. (Camels)



Draw Pearson. First with  
news and predictions of  
things to come! Sundays,  
6 pm. (Carter Products)



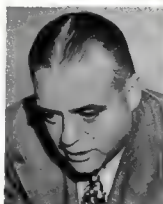
Mr. District Attorney. Gripping  
crime dramas to keep you  
spellbound! Fridays, 9:30  
pm. (Bristol-Myers)



This is Your FBI. Radio's of-  
ficial, authentic FBI dra-  
ma. Fridays, 8:30 pm.  
(Equitable Life)



The Metropolitan Opera.  
World's greatest music and  
artists! Saturdays, 2 pm.  
(The Texas Company)



Cavalcade of Sports. Bill Co-  
rum's at ringside to bring  
you the action! Fridays,  
10 pm. (Gillette)



Your Land and Mine. Henry J.  
Taylor's exclusive news  
commentary. Mondays, 8  
pm. (General Motors)



The Greatest Story Ever Told.  
Fulton Oursler's stirring  
Bible dramas for our time.  
Sundays, 5:30 pm. (Goodyear)



Paul Harvey. Brings you his  
views of the most impor-  
tant news. Sundays, 10 pm.  
(Burton-Dixie Corp.)



Mystery Theatre. Packed with  
action, suspense! Robert  
Carroll stars. Wednesdays,  
8 pm. (Sterling Drug)



The Top Guy. Featuring J.  
Scott Smart. Wednesdays,  
8:30 pm. (American Chick)



Elmer Davis. Dean of Wash-  
ington newsmen. Mon-  
Fri., 7:15 pm.



Defense Attorney. Mercedes  
McCambridge is starred.  
Thursdays, 8:30 pm.



America's Town Meeting of  
the Air. With George V.  
Denny, Jr. Tuesdays, 9 pm.



George E. Sokolsky. The  
week's news in review. Sun-  
days, 10:30 pm.



Rogues Gallery. Featuring  
Hollywood's Paul Stewart.  
Wednesdays, 9 pm.



Don Gardiner. With Monday  
Morning Headlines. Sun-  
days, 6:15 pm. (Air-Wick)



HARRIET

THERE'S A  
GREAT BIG  
WONDERFUL DAY-  
TIME SCHEDULE  
ON ABC. LISTEN  
WHILE YOU WORK-  
IT'S FUN!



Don McNeill's Breakfast Club.  
Mon.-Fri., 9 am. (Swift,  
Philco, Jello)



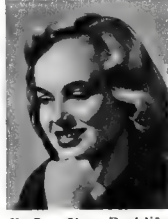
Betty Crocker Magazine of the  
Air. Food tips. Mon.-Fri.,  
10:30 am. (General Mills)



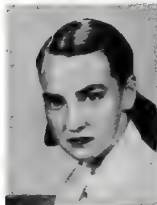
Mary Margaret McBride.  
Radio's first lady and her  
guests. Mon.-Fri., 2 pm.



Edward Arnold, Storyteller.  
Gripping tales! Mon.-Fri.,  
10:25 am. (General Mills)



My True Story. Real-life  
people and stories. Mon.-  
Fri., 10 am. (Sterling Drug)



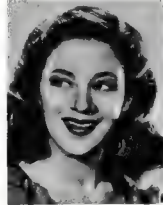
Against the Storm. The tender  
history of the Allen family.  
Mon.-Fri., 10:45 am.  
(Philip Morris)



Lane Journey. One man's  
search for happiness in a  
new environment. Mon.-  
Fri., 11 am. (Lever Brothers)



When a Girl Marries. A story  
that touches the heart of  
every woman. Mon.-Fri.,  
11:15 am. (General Foods)



Mary Martin. The eventful  
life of an exceptional  
woman. In its 13th year!  
Mon.-Fri., 3:15 pm.



Joyce Jordan, M. D. A woman  
who struggles in a man's  
world. Mon.-Fri., 3:30 pm.  
(Lever Brothers)



The Strange Romance of Evely-  
n Winters. A haunting tale  
of love and faith! Mon.-Fri.,  
3:45 pm. (Philip Morris)



Marriage for Two. One coup-  
le's adjustments to life and  
each other. Mon.-Fri.,  
4:15 pm.



Valiant Lady. You'll live  
her absorbing story!  
Mon.-Fri., 4 pm.



Break the Bank. Mon.-  
Fri., 11:30 am. (Bristol-  
Myers; Philip Morris)



The Jack Berch Show.  
Songs! Mon.-Fri., 12  
noon. (Prudential Life)



Victor Lindahl. Health-  
ful food tips. Mon.-Fri.,  
12:15 pm. (Serutan)



Bert Andrews. Inside  
news from Washington.  
Saturdays, 7:45 pm.



Stop the Music. Bert  
Parks! Sundays, 8 pm.  
(Old Gold)



The Perfect Husband.  
George Fenneman.  
Mon.-Fri., 4:30 pm.



The Christian Science Monitor  
Views the News. Tues-  
days, 9:45 pm. (Chris-  
tian Science Monitor)



Sammy Kaye's. Sylvania  
Sunday Serenade. Sun-  
days, 5 pm. (Sylvania  
Electric Company)



Ted Malone. With the  
poetry you've been re-  
questing. Mon.-Fri.,  
1:15 pm.



Metropolitan Opera Audi-  
tions of the Air. Tomor-  
row's stars today! Tues-  
days, 8:30 pm.



Hollywood Star Playhouse.  
With famous stars like  
Tyrone Power. Thurs-  
days, 8 pm.



KIDS, TAKE A  
LOOK AT THESE  
... JUST THE  
KIND OF PRO-  
GRAMS YOU  
LIKE!



DAVID AND RICKEY



The Lone Ranger. Red-  
blooded western adven-  
ture. Mon., Wed., Fri.,  
7:30 pm. (General Mills)



Big Jon & Sparkie. Bo-  
gutting songs and sto-  
ries for kids of all ages.  
Mon.-Fri., 5 pm.



Space Patrol. Thrilling  
exploits in tomorrow's  
world. Saturdays, 10:30  
am. (Ralston-Purina)



No School Today. Big  
Jon's frolicking fun fest  
of surprises! Saturdays,  
9 am.



Mark Trail. Adventure-  
packed exploits in the  
great outdoors. Mon.-  
Fri., 5:15 pm.



Silver Eagle. The Royal  
Canadian Mounties.  
Tues. & Thurs., 7:30 pm.  
(General Mills)



Space Cadet. Jet-action  
thrills in strange new  
lands. Tues.-Thurs.,  
5:30 pm. (Kellogg)

Paul Whitman Teen Club.  
Pert Junie Keegan helps  
dish up the fun. Mon-  
days, 9 pm.

WHATEVER YOU DO,  
DON'T FORGET US!  
(MR. HEINZ WOULD NEVER  
FORGIVE US!) WE'RE  
ON EVERY FRIDAY  
NIGHT AT 9.

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**SOLD**  
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# How Basketball Players are Bought

**There are two rules: First, most high-school stars have a price; second, after you've closed the deal, hide the player, because he may be stolen before you enroll him. Or even afterwards**

By **TIM COHANE** Sports Editor of LOOK



**Mecca for basketball recruiters:** Annual North-South game at Murray, Ky., each June brings together nation's top high-school players.

**R**ALPH Beard, Alex Groza and Dale Barnstable, former Kentucky basketball stars, will stand trial soon, charged with selling out to gamblers. One of the games they allegedly threw was Kentucky's "upset" by Loyola of Chicago in the 1949 National Invitation Tournament at Madison Square Garden.

In June, 1950, over a year after that game was played and over a year before it was declared venal, Kentucky coach Adolph Rupp's assistant, Harry Lancaster, attended the coaching school which used to accompany the North-South all-star high-school basketball game held each June at Murray State College, Murray, Ky. Also at Murray clinic was Clair Bee, who used to coach a team at Long Island University.

At the time, neither Lancaster nor Bee knew Kentucky players would be charged with throwing the Loyola game. They were blissfully unaware of the wholesale basketball scandals to come, that would also involve some of Bee's LIU players. Therefore, what passed between Bee and Lancaster at the Murray clinic was, among other things, ironic. Bee got up to speak.

"I have seen some examples of crazy coaching in my day," he began, "but one situation in particular comes to my mind. In the Invitation last year, a big guy named Jack Kerris of Loyola was running wild against some ball club—I can't exactly remember the name. Anyway, the coach of this team thinks one man should stop another all the time. He kept playing his center, Alex Groza, behind Kerris, who possesses a fine windmill shot.

"Despite Groza's efforts, Kerris continued to score. He could have been stopped, if the coach of Groza's team had had sense enough to change his defense. But he didn't. He had the best ball club in the world—but he proved himself the worst coach.

"Somehow," laughed Bee, "his name escapes me."

The clinic laughed heartily with Bee. But Lancaster did not join in. He rose.

"Mr. Bee," he said, "we bow to your efforts. Now, will you explain to us why Mr. Rupp, by your admission the world's worst coach, manages to lose only once or twice each season, while your genius finds your own team losing eleven times last season?"

"That's easy," snapped back Bee. "We haven't the money to buy the horses!"

The clinic went into an uproar. Class was out for the day.

Talk of "money" and "buying the horses" in college basketball is not the least apocryphal. Consider the case of David Gotkin. Gotkin, a Brooklynite, was courted by a score of schools, including St. John's, Navy, North Carolina State and Kentucky. Kentucky offered Gotkin everything except a half interest in Rupp's prize breeding bull, Domino.

## A Textile Job for Gotkin

"You're wasting your time, Adolph," said Frank McGuire, St. John's coach. "Gotkin wants to go to Navy. He can't be had."

Rupp drew himself up in baronial hauteur. He reached into his pocket, extracted a couple of greenbacks and brandished them.

"Anybody can be had," boomed Adolph, "if they are shown enough of this stuff!"

Rupp and McGuire both were wrong about Gotkin. He didn't go to Kentucky or Navy. He's a freshman at North Carolina State, coached by Everett Case, whose assistant Carl (Butter) Anderson is a nice recruiter indeed.

In choosing N. C. State, Gotkin shopped wisely. He was promised, among other things, a job after graduation in the textile industry in New York.

Another interesting case is that of B. H.

Born, 6-foot-8 citizen of Medicine Lodge, Kan. Born plays for the University of Kansas, coached by Dr. Forrest C. (Phog) Allen. In prescribing cures for basketball's sores, Dr. Phog is the very epitome of windy piety.

Born's choice of Kansas astonished Eddie Hickey, the busy little barrister who coaches the University of St. Louis. Hickey corresponded regularly with Born. B. H. came down from Medicine Lodge to visit St. Louis. He was permitted to drive Hickey's sleek black convertible in downtown traffic. But B. H. is enrolled at Kansas, and it is perhaps only coincidental that his mother was at the time employed by the state.

Dr. Phog's legates also make it very attractive for out-of-staters. His 6-foot-9 center, Clyde Lovellette, appropriately comes from Terre Haute (French for high ground), Ind. Chuck Hoag, a star forward, is from Oak Park, Ill. Dr. Phog does not, however, corral them all. Even good Kansas stock occasionally eludes him. Clay Gray, from Newton, Kan., 6 feet 7, 220 and an honor student (there are some honor students playing basketball), succumbed to the attractions of the University of California's alumni.

The loss of B. H. Born to Kansas did not kill basketball at St. Louis U. Hickey used to stay close to home; his 1948 champs did not include anybody outside greater St. Louis. But since dropping football, this Jesuit school has extended its basketball recruiting through Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, Nebraska, the Dakotas and even Kentucky. Any time a school has more than 30 players on basketball scholarships, it should produce a winning team.

Hatfield-McCoy feudin' swirled around Tom Marshall, a 6-foot-4, 200-pounder from Mt. Juliet, Tenn. Tom shopped for offers. He signed a Southeastern Conference grant-in-aid agreement for Coach Bob Polk of Vander-

CONTINUED

*When you put this*



*on this*



*You hardly feel it-hardly see it*



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Trade-Mark

... THE NEW DRESSING THAT DOESN'T WASH OFF ... DOES WASH CLEAN!

## Greatest comfort ever!

- So thin and smooth, they fit like a second skin!
- Elastic—they s-t-r-e-t-c-h when you move.
- Non-fraying, non-curling—edges stay put.

## Neatest appearance ever!

- Flesh-colored—you hardly see them at all!
- They wash clean—dirt comes off when you wash or bathe.
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Flesh-colored  
100% Sterile

100% sterile, of course. Another wonderful product brought to you by Johnson & Johnson ... the most trusted name in surgical dressings. Get a box today!

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## ...all day long



*Wonder-working  
**Viratol\***  
does the trick!*

Try this tomorrow morning... First, groom your hair with new 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic. See how neat and natural it looks! Then, hours later, notice how it *still* has that fresh-combed look.

The reason? A special new compound which makes hair look and feel natural... and keeps it in place for hours longer! It's called VIRATOL, and only 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic has it!

There's Triple-A Lanolin in this completely new hair tonic, too. And it's homogenized for easy flow. Get a bottle today... you'll like it!

**NEW**

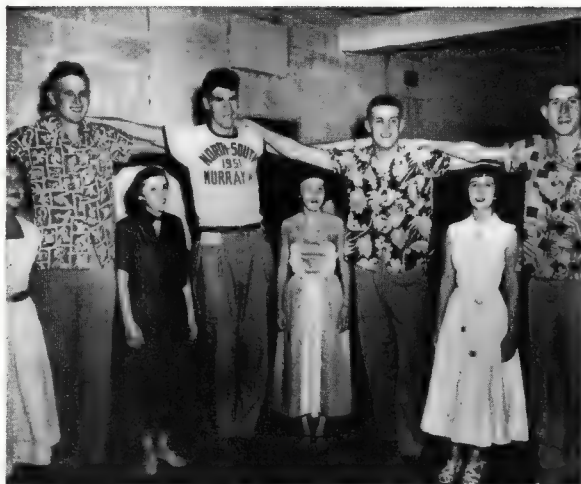
# Vaseline

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# CREAM HAIR TONIC

\* A special compound (with lanolin) that helps keep hair in place... gives it natural lustre.

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At the 1951 Murray North-South game, high-school stars included Don Dalton, Friendship, Okla.; Bill Simonovich, Gilbert, Minn.; Charles McCullough, Baltimore, Md.; Keith Lane, Borger, Texas. Simonovich is 6 feet 9½; the others, 6 feet 6 or more. The girls are coeds at Murray State.

### BASKETBALL PLAYERS continued

## Rupp loses The Owl Without the Vowel

bilt. This meant that no other SEC school could touch him, not even Kentucky. To get Marshall away from Vanderbilt, "Der Baron" Rupp worked openly to see that Tom got better offers from schools outside the SEC. Tom got them.

Finalists for the services of Marshall were two powers of the basketball-rugged Ohio Valley Conference: Western Kentucky State College of Bowling Green, Ky., and Murray State College. Western Kentucky is coached by Ed Diddle, Murray by Harlon Hodges. Western has achieved national recognition by participation in the Invitation Tournament in New York. Murray would like to. They are bitter rivals.

In the summer of '50, Marshall went to work in Bowling Green. Murray businessmen, using a Nashville newspaperman as agent, brought Marshall to Murray and wooed him over a week end. Tom remained true to Western Kentucky. Presumably, Murray couldn't top what he reportedly gets at W. K.: the full ride-board, room, tuition and books, that is plus a more-than-nominal monthly stipend.

### Diddle's Didos

Western K.'s Coach Diddle, in excitable moments, is notorious for flinging towels into the air in front of his bench like a demented steam-bath attendant. When Diddle heard about Murray's trying to flich Marshall, he tossed seven linen closets full of Turkish towels over the moon. He also chewed them.

This season, Diddle more than got even with Murray. Lynn Cole, all-stater from Paducah, Ky.,

worked at Murray all summer. Three days before enrollment, he was spirited to W. K. and is a freshman there now. He gets, by his own admission, the same as other frosh basketballers: the full ride plus \$30 a month.

Diddle doesn't always get his man. Joe Fulks, now a Philadelphia Warriors star, was coached at Kuttawa, Ky., High by a Western Kentucky grad and appeared headed for W. K. Two weeks before enrollment, he vanished from Bowling Green. By the time Diddle found him, he was registered at Murray.

### Rupp Barged In

Diddle also lost Ralph Beard and Wallace (Wah Wah) Jones to Kentucky. Rupp was closeted with Beard and Wah Wah in an Indianapolis hotel room after midnight. They were in Indianapolis for a Kentucky vs. Indiana All Star game. The Kentucky All Stars, in this game and in a similar one against Ohio, are coached by Diddle every year. Naturally, he was galled at losing Beard and Wah Wah.

"They were supposed to be sleeping, storing up strength for the game next day," says Diddle, "but that didn't stop Rupp. He barged right in."

Despite its high-powered recruiting and subsidizing, Kentucky actually lost a star once by misplacing a letter. A friend wrote Harry Lancaster about a boy named Bill Milkvy. The letter got inadvertently pushed into the space between the back of Lancaster's desk and the wall. By the time Lancaster located and answered it, Milkvy had decided to go



Among college coaches seen at Murray games: Bernard (Peck) Hickman, U. of Louisville; Carl (Butter) Anderson, North Carolina State assistant; Eddie Hickey, St. Louis University; Clair Bee, Long Island U. Man on right: Edd Kellow, chairman of the North-South selections committee.

to Temple. Mikvy is a star with the Owls. They call him The Owl Without the Vowel.

"I wanted to go to Kentucky," Mikvy told Lancaster, "but when I didn't get an answer, I thought you weren't interested in me."

A Mikvy incident happens only once in a lifetime. No tricks were missed by 49 colleges, actual count, in going after Tom Gola, an ace at La Salle College High School in Philadelphia. Forty of the 49 offers were better than La Salle College tendered. But Tom decided to stay near home and he's a freshman with the Explorers this season.

#### Good Play, No Study

Over 20 schools solicited Ed Petrie, a whiz at F. E. Bellows High, Mamaroneck, N. Y. He finally chose Villanova. Petrie has a good mind and learns rapidly, but he was interested in nothing at high school except basketball and wouldn't study. Villanova still managed to fit him into a business administration course. He got board, room, tuition, books and spending money. But Petrie didn't care for the business course. He wants to become a coach. After three weeks, he left Villanova. He may enter Seton Hall at midyear.

Max Hooper, 6 feet 5, fast, from Mt. Vernon, Ill., was the subject of an all-out struggle between the University of Illinois and Bradley University of Peoria. Hooper played in the 1950 North-South game at Murray. Forrest (Fordy) Anderson, Bradley coach, and sundry Peoria businessmen flew to Murray in a chartered plane.

Anderson talked to Hooper, but himself made no offers. Those were made by the Peoria businessmen. Nevertheless, two weeks after the Murray game in June, Hooper was working at the University of Illinois. Western Conference rules prevent their coaches from attending all-star high-school games, but not their alumni.

Bradley's commandos didn't return from Murray empty-handed. They speared Pat Dunn, star from St. Patrick's Academy, Chicago. Fordy Anderson and the Bradley Boosters arranged the full treatment for Pat: money for his father, tuition, room, books, a \$16-a-week meal ticket when he made the varsity squad, and \$125 a month. Deductible from the \$125 would be any amounts Pat earned as night watchman at the Peoria dog pound. A Bradley Booster also gave Pat the down payment on an automobile.

Pat's curriculum included elementary typing, advanced basketball, softball, swimming, track and field, community hygiene, personal hygiene, recreational activity and English composition. He passed every subject but English composition, and made that up in summer school.

Last fall, Bradley modified Dunn's deal to room, tuition, books, the \$16-a-week meal ticket, \$15 a month and no job. Later, the Boosters got him his job back in the dog pound at \$51 every two weeks. But in mid-November, Pat's pay checks stopped coming through. So he left Bradley, along with teammates Don Anielak and Dick Pikrone, who'd also lost some previous benefits. These boys will try to enroll elsewhere this month.

#### The Bard of Paducah

Bard Sullenger, Paducah, Ky., ace, left De Paul University of Chicago, mainly because his father thought that his board, room, tuition, books and job deal wasn't enough. N. C. State, which originally offered a sportswriter \$100 to deliver Sullenger, is making eyes at him again.

Multiply by infinity these examples of rampant recruiting and subsidizing and you have the picture of big-time basketball.

Perhaps the college presidents will clean it up.

Perhaps.

END



If your car feels like this ... it's time for **MARFAK** chassis lubrication



That cushiony feeling lasts longer with—



Count on this with *Marfak*: 1,000 miles or more of "cushiony" driving ease! *Longer lasting* protection for points of wear and friction! That's because tough, stick-to-the-job *Marfak* is specially made to resist wash-out, jar-out, squeeze-out. Enjoy the "cushiony" feeling that tells you *Marfak* gives longer lasting protection. Get *Marfak* lubrication today. See your Texaco Dealer, the best friend your car ever had.



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# THE FOURPOSTER

A "sincere comedy" of marriage, Jan de Hartog's *The Fourposter*—a current stage hit and a new Columbia movie—takes place entirely in a bedroom. Just two characters tell its story of what married life is all about. On stage, Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn settle down to 35 years together; in the movie, Lilli Palmer (above) and Rex Harrison carry on the marital adventures.

CONTINUED

# Guard Against Throat-Scratch

enjoy the smooth smoking of  
fine tobaccos

...smoke **PALL MALL**  
the cigarette whose mildness  
you can measure

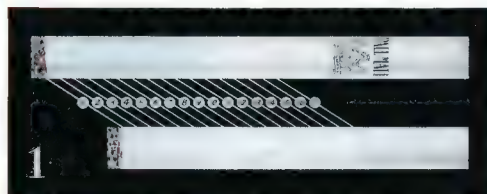


Copyright, 1951, American Cigarette and Cigar Co., Inc.

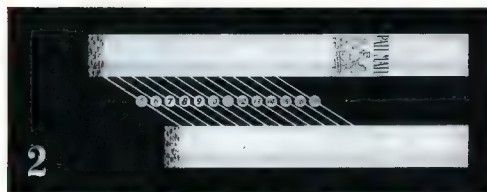
*Outstanding* and they are *mild!*

*Study the PALL MALL Puff Chart:*

**PUFF BY PUFF...YOU'RE ALWAYS  
AHEAD WITH PALL MALL**



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's fine tobaccos is filtered further.



After 10 puffs—or 17—Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild. Thus Pall Mall gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.



Wherever you go, notice how many people  
have changed to PALL MALL  
—the longer, finer cigarette  
in the distinguished red package.

Like a

Chocolate Nut Sundae!



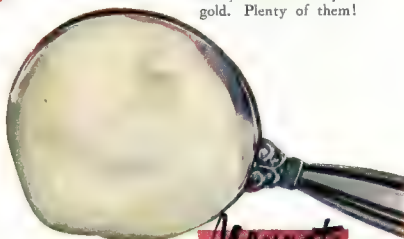
Chocolate

First bite, chocolate... pure Mars milk chocolate, poured on thick as it'll stay!



Almonds

Then crispy, whole almonds, the expensive kind, toasted till they're gold. Plenty of them!



Nougat

Rich creamy nougat that comes from fresh egg whites and pure sugar, whipped till it's fluffy!

Got a little dime on your hands?

Just take an imaginary bite down through that double-thick pure milk chocolate—down into that creamy whipped nougat. Taste those golden almonds. There . . . now isn't it time for you to really enjoy a Mars Bar? How about it? Got a little dime on your hands?

**MARS BAR** 10¢  
Toasted Almonds



Both picture and play point up the young couple's wedding-night timidity,

THE FOURPOSTER continued

## The Fourposter—it figures

Broadway's Hume Cronyn carries bride Jessica Tandy over the threshold, sets her down and points dramatically to the fourposter—his wedding gift.





but the couple in the picture seem more elegant than their stage counterparts.



Movie humor is typified by husband's indignation when his wife laughs at his nightgown. He announces he had it embroidered especially for her.

CONTINUED

Same scene in play is lustier. High point comes when she says she has never seen a man—"completely," and he replies she hasn't missed much.

## in every crisis of their lives

In the film, Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer inspect the gift. Both Harrison and Cronyn are actually married to their stage partners in real life.



# Let your own taste **discover** the difference in whiskies...

Why not decide for yourself which whiskey *really* gives you the greatest enjoyment? Make a simple 60-second taste test and discover which whiskey is smoother, mellower . . . truly free from bite, burn or sting.

We're convinced that you will pick Calvert

Reserve, because its *smoother, mellower, always uniform* flavor is carefully blended to a taste determined by a "Consumer Jury" made up of thousands of folks like you.

But if you still prefer some other brand, stick with it. *Fair enough?*

## Here's how to BE YOUR OWN WHISKEY EXPERT

1. Have  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of Calvert put in one glass and the same amount of any other whiskey in another — *without knowing which is which.*

2. Sniff one brand for *aroma*. Taste it critically for *smoothness*. Swallow carefully to judge its freedom from harshness.

3. Taste the other whiskey in the same analytical way—then pick the whiskey that *really* tastes better to you.



## Calvert Challenges Comparison

with any whiskey... at any price!



**A fracas occurs** in the play when Cronyn finds a whisky bottle hidden in room of 17-year-old son. Outraged, he accuses wife of not bringing up their son properly.



**And simultaneously** in movie, after argument, Harrison decides he needs a drink himself. The bottle contains cod-liver oil, not whisky.

**THE FOURPOSTER** continued

## The fourposter is a silent witness of love and quarrels



**At play's end** (above), the couple, with children reared, move to a smaller house. The fourposter is left behind. In the movie, the wife, dead a year, returns "radiant as in youth" to get her aged husband. He writes: "... They lived happily ever after ..." And they become young forever.



END



**CURAD  
PLASTIC  
BANDAGE**

**NOW THIS** A CURAD fits like your skin—moves with your skin. Made of new Curity elastic plastic. A CURAD sticks like a bulldog—even to such hard-to-fit places as knuckles and elbows.



**OLD-STYLE  
ADHESIVE  
BANDAGE**

**NOT THIS** No more unsightly, ragged-looking, dirt-catching bandages that gap open and don't stay stuck. Waterproof CURAD stays put, looks like new as long as you wear it.

# The new plastic bandage



**WASH THE BANDAGE AS  
YOU WASH YOUR HANDS!**

Here's the new idea in adhesive bandages you've heard about! A CURAD not only acts to keep germs out... it actually *fights them!* Contains a new medication found in no other bandage—goes to work as soon as moisture from your wound touches the pad. It's called Furacin®-Tyrothricin. In actual laboratory tests, this exclusive CURAD medication killed or inhibited all 28 common wound bacteria studied!

CURAD adhesive bandages

are made of a new elastic plastic that fits like your skin. It's waterproof and washable—so it stays new looking for days and *stays on*. No edges to ravel, nothing for dirt to cling to. Leaves no sticky mess on your skin. And it's paper-thin—you hardly know you're wearing a bandage.

Yet CURAD adhesive bandages cost little more than ordinary bandages. So don't take chances now that you can get CURAD.

At your druggist's now—

# CURAD<sup>†</sup>

## PLASTIC BANDAGES

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# CURAD<sup>†</sup>

## and it fights germs!

Plastic, elastic and thin—contains a new, exclusive medication—outlasts 3 old-style bandages!



## CASE HISTORY OF A FAILURE

# WHAT THE LOYALTY OATH DID TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

.....

It labored like a mountain to produce two tiny mice, a Communist piano player and a part-time teaching assistant.

By Dan Fowler

From Look's West Coast Bureau

Three years ago, the regents of the University of California forced their faculty members to take oaths denying that they were Communists. A group of teachers refused to sign, precipitating a bitter academic conflict which is just now being resolved. The affair furnishes a good case history on fear-inspired oath-taking.

The imposition of the oath had these results:

**The university lost directly—by firing, protest resignations or refusal of appointments—more than 100 scholars, including some widely described as “among the illustrious minds of our generation.”**

**The university was forced to drop 55 courses from its curriculum for lack of instructors. Entire departments were crippled.**

**The university lost an enormous amount of professional prestige. Some 1,200 members of the faculties of 40 other colleges and universities condemned the action. Twenty-three illustrious learned societies condemned the loyalty oath and recommended that their members refuse appointments at California.**

In short, the action of the regents followed the pattern of hysteria-induced actions—it came dangerously close to destroying the thing it was supposed to save.

### Great Results

And from all this wreckage of reputation, morale and intellectual power were dredged exactly two peo-



President Robert G. Sproul approved, then disavowed, the controversial oath.



Edward C. Tolman, renowned psychologist, led the campaign against it.

ple who could be labeled as Communists. One was a piano player employed in dancing classes. The other was a part-time graduate student working as a teaching assistant.

The avowed purpose of the oath was to root Reds and Red influences out of the California faculty. The suspicion naturally followed that there must be a great many Communists among the faculty to justify such action. This suspicion, vigorously fanned by a few ambitious state politicians, greatly damaged the university's fine reputation.

Within the institution itself, the results were even worse. Members of the faculty were forced to meet secretly, suspect each other, examine each others' records and motives and even censor their own telephone conversations on the campus.

Ironically, the University of California's loyalty oath was never even intended to be the weapon for ousting Reds which it was advertised to be. It was, actually, a device by which the school's administration hoped to preserve its appropriations in lobbying before the legislature.

The University of California loyalty oath dates back to 1948 and to Jack Tenney, then a state assemblyman. Tenney was a politician who rode to office on a program of fear psychology and he introduced a broadside of anti-subversive bills in the legislature. One of these bills would have required a loyalty oath from the faculty of the university, although its disloyalty never had been proved nor even seriously questioned.

Since the legislature controls the school's appro-

CONTINUED

continued

## The Loyalty Oath at California

# BITTERLY OPPOSED BY THE FACULTY, IT COST THE UNIVERSITY PRESTIGE

priations, the university's lobbyist became fearful that Tenney's move might affect the amount of revenue. He decided that the wisest course would be to beat Tenney to the punch. President Robert G. Sproul agreed with this reasoning and the university's own loyalty oath—not one adopted by the legislature—was drawn up and on Sproul's recommendation was adopted by the regents on March 25, 1949.

So the oath was born. Not to combat communism, but to protect the university's source of revenue.

One obvious question which became a political issue and a subject of great newspaper comment was this:

"Why should any patriotic American—if he has nothing to hide—object to taking an oath that he is not a Communist?"

It seems a reasonable question to many people, but the faculty members who objected to it insisted they had reasonable answers.

### Unjustified Aspiration

Originally, when it still masqueraded in a cloak of anti-Communist respectability, the oath was resented by faculty members as a completely unjustified reflection on their loyalty and integrity. One retort colorfully expressed this resentment. "We'll deny we are a subversive group," it ran, "if the regents will take an oath that they are not homosexuals." The meaning is clear: Compel any group, however respectable, to swear that it is not something and suspicion is born that it is—where there's smoke there's fire, etc., etc.

Some of the teachers maintained that the oath of allegiance to the constitutions of the United States and the State of California, signed by all faculty members when they entered the university, was oath enough. They argued that any Communist who would take these oaths of allegiance would be the first to sign any additional oath; that instead of trapping any real Communist the new oath would serve only to conceal him better.

Opposition to signing the loyalty oath was led by Edward C. Tolman, former professor of psychology at California, considered one of the country's foremost psychologists. Among his many honors is a doctorate bestowed by Yale University after he refused to sign the oath and left the university. He is now here writing a book.

Another leader of this group was Professor Ernst H. Kantorowicz, a political refugee from Nazi Germany and a distinguished historian, now a member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton.

"This is the way it always begins," he warned a faculty meeting. "The first oath is so gentle you can scarcely notice anything at which to take exception. The next oath is stronger. The first oath demanded of German teachers by Hitler was to keep faith with the Fatherland and to honor the constitution and laws. But the next," he reminded his colleagues, "demanded allegiance to Adolf Hitler."

Among others who refused to sign were Ludwig Edelstein, professor of Greek, now with the department of philosophy at Johns Hopkins University, John L. Kelley, now with the department of mathematics at Tulane, Harold W. Lewis, now a research physicist for Bell Laboratories at Princeton, John M. O'Gorman, now with the Department of Commerce, Brewster Rogerson, now visiting English department lecturer at Princeton, Hubert S. Coffey, now lecturer in social relations at Harvard and Gian C. Wick, internationally known expert on atomic energy, now with Carnegie Tech.

Thus, the principle of academic freedom was injected into the controversy. Although it is perhaps not too well understood outside the teaching profession, academic freedom is a precious thing to educators. In its most idealistic meaning, academic freedom is complete freedom to seek and teach the truth. It means to a bio-chemist, for example, freedom to prove that some nostrum is harmful without fear of reprisals by the manufacturer. To a professor it means freedom to think and talk and write without political pressure or attempts to have him discharged.

Finally, the oath was opposed by those who believed that keeping the university free of Reds was the faculty's job and not the regents'. And the question raised by this opposition, "Who's running this university, the faculty or the regents?" became the real battle line in the three-year fight.

### Pulled a Gun

Angered by a challenge to its power, the regents pulled a gun. "Sign or get out," they told the faculty, in effect. And, as happens when a gun is drawn, the regents were forced either to use it or back down.

The showdown came when, in a last attempt to settle the dispute, a committee of alumni was authorized to seek a compromise. In an effort to appease both sides, the alumni group worked out a plan whereby faculty employment contracts would contain a non-Communist statement. Then a clause was added to the contract giving non-signers the right to a hearing before the faculty's Committee on Privilege and Tenure. Although the regents previously had accepted recommendations of this committee, they inserted a clause of their own into the compromise: "It is recognized that final determination of each case is the prerogative of the regents."

Forty-nine faculty members refused to sign the non-Communist contracts and appeared before the Tenure Committee for hearings. Six refused to answer questions and their discharge was recommended—not, of course, because they were Communists but because they refused to live up to the terms of the compromise agreement worked out by the alumni committee.

The other 43 non-signers spent four weeks testifying before the committee and their retention on the faculty was strongly recommended. A transcript of their testimony was delivered to the regents along with this statement:

"It is this committee's deliberate judgment that the refusal of non-signers as a group to accept the contract of employment is not based upon sympathy with communism as an active and destructive force but upon a variety of opinions and feelings which have no relation to revolution or destruction of any kind. They are valuable members of the university faculty."

### Previous Screening

The committee report also included testimony showing that 26 of the non-signers had previously been screened by Federal Bureau of Investigation agents or Army authorities and cleared for war or defense work.

To clarify its position, the faculty adopted a policy statement opposing the hiring of Communists as teachers. And at a regents' meeting which considered the faculty committee recommendations, the question of communism was once more disposed of. C. J. Haggerty, an anti-oath regent, declared, "There is no longer an impugning of these individuals (the non-signers) as Communists." To which Governor Earl Warren, also an anti-oath regent, added: "We are discharging these people because they are recalcitrant and won't conform." According to those present, the pro-oath regents also agreed that communism was no longer an issue, that the only issue was discipline. Thus, the fight had gone far from its original framework.

The first vote on the committee's recommendations was in favor of re-instating those who testified but refused to sign. But advocates of the oath, led by John F. Neylan, a regent, delayed final action to the next meeting, mustered their forces and fired the non-signers by a two-vote margin.

They had used their gun to prove who was running the university. They were.

At this point the Board of Regents appeared in a rather awkward position. They had committed themselves to a policy of "Let's give 'em a fair trial and then hang 'em." And they had fired—for refusing to sign a statement that they were not Communists—men who had been officially screened and found completely free of taint.

### Tenure Violated

But that wasn't all. When they refused to renew the contracts of those who would not sign the non-Communist statement they violated academic tenure.

Academic tenure is the thing which guarantees academic freedom in a university; in some it is a written guarantee. It is a respected tradition that a faculty member cannot be discharged except for proved incompetence or moral turpitude. This is the professor's guarantee of security, his assurance of the kind of life for which a fine scientist will pass up a high-salaried post in industry for a lifetime of classroom and research.

The violation of this principle at the University of California brought the full weight of America's academic world down on the regents' heads.

Robert Penn Warren, now at Yale, a Pulitzer Prize winner, the author of *All the Kings Men*, declared in declining an offer to teach at California, "It seems to me that the regents of the University of California would reduce the academic community, both faculty and administration, to the level of hired hands serv-

ing at the whim of a group of men whose acquaintance with intellectual life and its responsibilities is, in some cases at least, of the most rudimentary order."

Rudolph Carnap of the University of Chicago, regarded as one of the three leading philosophers alive today, wrote, "I regard the peremptory dismissal of eminent scholars, without regard to their tenure rights and their long distinguished service to the university, as a shocking violation of academic freedom. I wish my refusal to accept any honor from this university to be regarded as a protest against the violation of the principle that scholarship, teaching ability and integrity of character should be the only criteria for judging a man's fitness for an academic position."

Howard Mumford Jones, Harvard English professor and poet, playwright and author of distinction as well as scholar, declined an invitation from California as follows: "Until your board of regents ceases to violate the ordinary principles of academic tenure and honest agreement between parties to a contract I cannot in good conscience accept."

### Appointments Declined

Among other eminent scholars who declined to accept appointments at California were Joseph R. Strayer, Princeton history professor and delegate to the American Council of Learned Societies, and Henry Scheffe, Columbia professor of mathematical statistics and former consultant to the Office of Scientific Research and Development. Others who declined did not make their actions public.

One of these, who asked that his name be withheld, recalled the attacks on intellectuals in Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia and concluded: "In all conscience I cannot feel that I would be loyal to our country if I abet the adoption of methods used by ideological systems antipathetic to those of our democracy."

Among the distinguished scholars who signed protests or sent sympathy messages to the faculty were Albert Einstein; Frank Aydelotte, president of the Association of American Rhodes Scholars and former president of Swarthmore; J. Robert Oppenheimer, director of the Los Alamos laboratory when it produced the atom bomb; Sumner H. Slichter, Harvard professor known as one of America's most influential industrial economists; Walter Stewart, trustee and chairman of the board of the Rockefeller Foundation; and Reinhold Niebuhr, outstanding clergyman and professor of Applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary.

The 1,200-odd other protests came from such schools as Harvard, Princeton, Stanford, Johns Hopkins, Boston University, Ohio State and Ohio University, Yale, Dartmouth, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Sarah Lawrence, Minnesota, Virginia, Utah, Wisconsin, Michigan, Franklin-Marshall and Duke Divinity School.

### Court Invalidation

The 23 learned societies whose members were advised not to accept California appointments included the Modern Language Association, American Historical Association, American Psychological Association, American Mathematical Society, American Anthropological Association, Phi Beta Kappa, American Philological Association, Far Eastern Association and the American Oriental Society.

The regents' vote which crammed the oath down

the faculty's throat subsequently was held by a California Appeals Court to be unconstitutional and invalid.

In attempting to justify their action, regents who approved the oath maintained (and still do) that they possessed power to fire any faculty member and were not bound by law to follow any committee's recommendations, even after they implicitly agreed to honor faculty recommendations when they adopted the alumni compromise.

In further defense of their action, some pro-oath regents have made much of the fact that an overwhelming majority of faculty members signed the non-Communist contracts. They blame the whole thing on "a dissident minority," the handful of non-signers.

This defense is weak, for in every vote in which the oath issue was clearly drawn the faculty condemned it and the list of those who signed under protest is lengthy. Also, a "sign, stay and fight" movement developed which encouraged many to sign.

What, then, brought about this remarkable vote?

It has been charged that politicians among the regents sought to embarrass Governor Warren, who fought the oath as unlawful and impractical from the beginning. It was blamed on another group "out to get" President Sproul for getting them into the mess and then changing his mind. And it was blamed on a third faction out to get Sproul because he stands for university unity while they favor greater autonomy for the University of California at the Los Angeles campus.

All of these things may have influenced the vote, but the best guess would be that the pro-oath faction, angered and determined to show who was boss, maneuvered themselves into an impossible position and wouldn't admit it.

### Nearly Over

This case history in oaths is almost ended. The appeals court which declared the oath unconstitutional has ordered reinstatement of the non-signers.

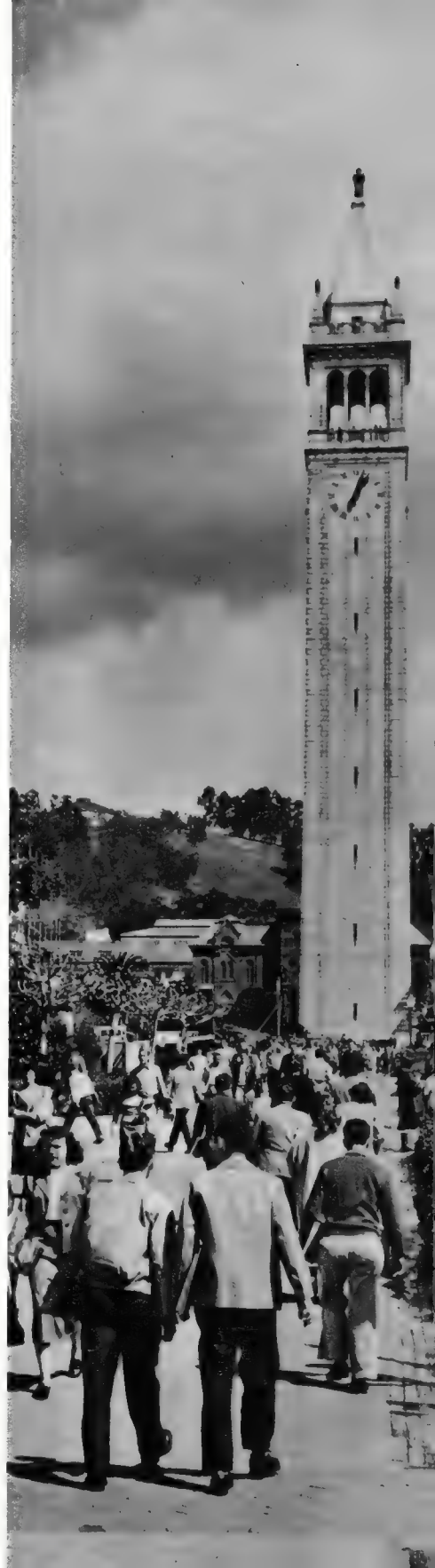
The complexion of the Board of Regents has changed. Term expirations depleted the old majority and Governor Warren has replaced pro-oath regents with men who share his view. The November, 1951, meeting of the board finally rescinded it officially.

In doing so, the new majority did save face for the old guard: It held that a recent legislative act compelling all state employees to take non-Communist oaths had made the special regents' oath unnecessary. Despite this hedge, the new majority seems firmly dedicated to the theory that the faculty is best suited to settle faculty problems.

A certain atmosphere of suspicion and distrust is bound to overhang this great school for a time, but the general feeling now is one of optimism. Academic tenure seems secure again. Sproul, who admitted the oath was a mistake and changed belatedly to the faculty's side, appears to be as strong as ever. After this trial, the university which split the atom, produced six Nobel Prize winners, and has many other notable achievements, seems strong and well. The court which held the regents' oath invalid declared:

"We are keenly aware that, equal to the danger of subversion from within by force and violence, is the danger of subversion from within by the gradual whittling away and the resulting disintegration of the very pillars of our freedom."

END



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# Look **PHOTOCRIME**

Featuring **HANNIBAL COBB**

## Death in the Sun

Directed by Joseph Pevney; cast from Universal-International's  
*Bend of the River*

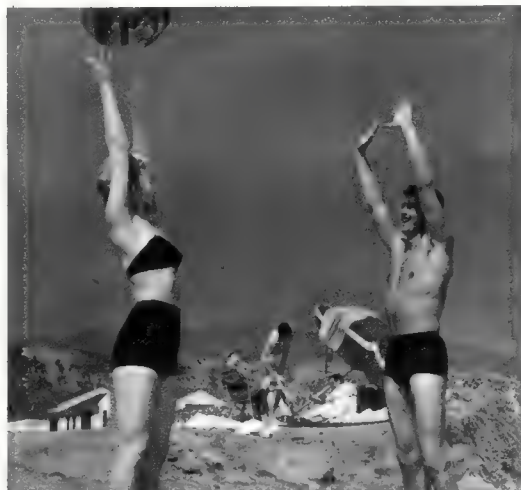
Joyce Holden as *Esther Lilly*  
Rock Hudson as *Ray Mercy*

Hank Miller as *Scott Lilly*  
Gene Martin as *Red Childress*

All Photocrime Names and Characters Are Fictitious.



**1** Esther Lilly greets her husband's guests, Ray Mercy, Red Childress and Inspector Hannibal Cobb. Scott Lilly has brought them to spend the day at the Lillys' isolated beach house. Ray gives Esther a friendly kiss, says, "Scott talked us into coming during breakfast at the club. We were all on our way to our offices, so none of us has any other clothes." Scott: "I've got swimming trunks for you fellows."



**2** The guests lounge on the beach for most of the afternoon. Around four o'clock, Esther announces she is going to the house to get dressed. Before she leaves, she arranges for everyone to meet on the terrace, dressed and ready for martinis at five thirty. Soon after she leaves, the four men wander off in different directions. At five thirty, all are dressed and waiting—but Esther fails to appear.

Photocrime—Trade-Mark Registered U. S. Patent Office, Canada and most foreign countries.

Torture My Stomach  
with Baking Soda?

NEVER  
AGAIN!



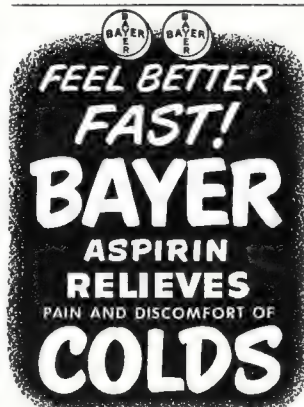
Tums contain no soda. Cannot over-alkalize or cause acid rebound. Tums don't irritate delicate stomach or intestinal lining. At the first sign of acid indigestion—gas, heartburn—take one or two Tums like candy mints. Almost instantly Tums neutralize excess acid... soothe and settle upset stomach.



✓ TRY ONE OR TWO TUMS AFTER BREAKFAST  
SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER

### PHOTOQUIZ ANSWERS

(Page 2) 1—(a) Piper Laurie. 2—(c) etching knives. 3—(d) Girl Scouts. 4—(b) California; he's Gov. Earl Warren. 5—(c) speed. 6—(b) cutouts. 7—(c) ocelot. 8—(b) Victoria. 9—(d) Milt DeLugg. 10—(a) bobsled. 11—(b) pickerel. 12—(c) derrick—atop an oil well. 13—(a) crankshaft. 14—(c) dough blender. 15—(d) 1846; it's Iowa. 16—(b) Michelangelo. 17—(a) rockets. 18—(c) captains. 19—(b) 140. 20—(c) Quo Vadis.





**3** At six, they decide to search for her. A few minutes later, Scott finds her body. Esther is lying behind a log, not far from the beach house. There is a trail in the sand, indicating that she was dragged there after being shot. Cobb examines the body, finds two bullet holes—one in her head, one near her heart. He asks the men to go to the house and wait for him. He cautions them not to separate.



**4** Back in the living room, the Inspector questions each of the men briefly. Each has an alibi. Cobb is about to suggest that all submit to a lie-detector test, when suddenly his memory fits the puzzle together. "It's your bad luck," he says, "that I have practically a photographic memory. Because that fact may send you to the electric chair." To whom does Cobb address this remark? Why? See p. 83

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**CANADA DRY**  
*Ginger-Ale!*

Change to "The best drink of all." Canada Dry is just the ticket for wonderful flavor, for a wholesome, zestful lift ...Get on the right track today. Switch to Canada Dry Ginger Ale.

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ENJOY AMERICA'S

*Ginger-Upper*

"The best drink of all"

See Super Circus on Television



**Patsy Shally** models junior clothes, has developed a high skill in making the most of special touches: always clean cotton gloves and wonderful little pointed pumps. She loves blending off-shades and adores sweater tops. Under a dark-gray suit (left) she wears a soft beige cashmere, fastens a strip of mink with a rhinestone star. Jane Derby's Little Boy suit (right), with pink-linen jacket lining to match the blouse, is just right for Patsy's fresh, unaffected beauty.



*Hep: having inside track or information (American Thesaurus of Slang). Aptitude: readiness in learning, aptness (Webster). Heptitude: insight information (LOOK). To illustrate our newly minted word in terms of fashion, LOOK photographed three top models in their own clothes. The heptitude girls on this and the following pages pose day in and day out in the best clothes in the world, can study themselves in the best fashion pictures, become so highly sensitized to the art of dressing that they know how to disregard fashion just enough to make clothes personal and human—completely their own.*

# HEPTITUDE

**Nina De Voe** can put on a classic Stetson cloche with the ease of Miss Garbo. Her European background (she is Dutch) gives her a sophisticated feeling for clothes. She usually has them made, working on crisp, slightly severe tailored lines—then softens the effect with creamy suede gloves and a vaporous chiffon kerchief: twisted into the neck of a suit (below), floating from a hip pocket (r.). Big blobby earrings and a jeweler's bag add other elegant, feminine touches. She combines melting shades of beige and gray against black—achieves a subtle Siamese-kitten effect.



CONTINUED



## Insight Information: Heptitude

**Y**ou never want to wear your clothes too seriously," said one fashion model, yanking her T-squared skirt so that the hem dropped an eighth of an inch in back. Because of their constant exposure to the best clothes, top fashion models have heptitude: insight information on the art of dressing easily. **Jean Patchett** has an eye for great simplicity and always looks very feminine. At left, she poses in Dior's white chiffon unadorned—long, soft, timeless; as good five years from now as today. Below, she wears an effortless beige wool suit, the jacket lined in porcelain-pale blue linen. She wraps a strand of small pearls five times around her neck, will have none of junk jewelry, repeats the same pump in various colors, leathers. The very naturalness with which she brushes her hair back from her forehead expresses her intuitive assurance.



Even on her way to work, model Jean Patchett carries a small bag instead of the large one of most business women.

END



Afterward ...

freshen your mouth with



The candy with the hole ... still only 5¢

Miss JANE WYMAN, guest star in Warner Bros. "STARLIFT"



**JANE WYMAN, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl,** one of the 12 women voted as having the world's loveliest hair. Jane Wyman uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

## The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest ... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Jane Wyman says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo"... you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

Jane Wyman is one of 12 women named by "Modern Screen" and famed hair stylists as having the most beautiful hair in the world.

**You, too,** will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its rich, lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean.

Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with sun-bright highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water... needs no special after-rinse.

**NO OTHER** cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars... ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

JERRY LEWIS DIRECTS

# A HOME



# MADE MOVIE

Produced by STANLEY GORDON • Photographed by MAURICE TERRELL



Jerry Lewis displays the careless elegance of the mogul on location in his own back yard.

Lewis and friends turn loose their wit and bursting surplus energy on filming satires at Jerry's home

**H**OME movies are better than ever—when Jerry Lewis, the nation's favorite wild man, makes them. Lewis officiates as president of his private movie company—Gar-Ron Productions U.S.A.—named for his sons Gary and Ronny—whose business slogan is “Just for Laughs.” On week ends, his Hollywood friends, including his movie-TV partner Dean Martin, help him tear up his house in shooting uninhibited private films that lampoon public movies.

So far, Jerry and company have finished three productions: *Watch on the Lime*, *Fair-far Avenue* (after *Sunset Boulevard*) and *The Re-Inforcer*, inspired by a recent Bogart gats-and-guts gangster movie. The antics incident to making *The Re-Inforcer* are shown on these pages.

Though not intended for public showing, Jerry's movies are seriously professional. They are filmed on 16 mm., have sound effects and music as well as a voice track. Each Gar-Ron member must pay \$10 a month in dues. If he doesn't come through, he is given a drumhead court-martial.

Next home movie on the schedule is *A Streetcar Named Repulsive*, in which Janet Leigh plays Vivien Leigh and Jerry outsnarls Marlon Brando. Still in the title stage is *Son of Spellbound*. The running time of *The Re-Inforcer* is one hour, but from now on, Gar-Ron Productions will be shorter. “When we work too long on a movie,” explains the company's star seductress Leigh, “we get cranky and impatient because we can't see what it's going to look like.”

CONTINUED

**Gangster molls** Mary Muck and Sally Sack (Janet Leigh and Mona Freeman) blow up a roughhouse while cameraman Lewis tries to get the film on the track.



Dean Martin, who is cast as a cliché gangster named Joe Lasagna, is measured for take by Jerry. Joe Lasagna spews out lines like "Make-a look-a like-a an accident."

**As gag,** the diabolical director tapes Janet's toes to floor to keep her in one spot.



**Gang's molls** (Leigh and Freeman) rehearse their deadly feud, savoring their first chance to be movie bad girls.



**Martin & Lewis,** for no good reason, become musketeers between scenes. In the background: John Barrymore, Jr.





The director goes over script with Joe Lasagna. Lewis, his actors say, is "a succinct director; he gives acting guidance with a gesture."



There's plenty of room for "mistakes" in these home movies: A Lewis crack breaks up tense moment between thugs Martin, Danny Arnold.

JERRY LEWIS' MOVIE continued

## An all-star cast give their all to *The Re-Inforcer* —even though the public will never see it

CONTINUED

Dean Martin, carrying gangster pose offscreen, fails to scare make-up girls Janet Leigh and Jerry's wife Patti.



Actor Tony Curtis uses unlimited right of the cast to second-guess the director while Dean Martin listens in.



Absorbed, serious, sound engineer Lewis plays back *The Re-Inforcer's* sound track.





**Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis** (Janet Leigh) get set for the movie's only love scene.



**"We're not afraid to try something crazy if we feel that way," Janet says. "After all, the critics will never see."**



**"Listen, baby, how about you and me, huh?" says Boffo (Tony Curtis), trying to steal boss's broad, Mary Muck.**



**Mary:** "Joe Lasagna's my man, Boffo, and he'd kill you if he heard you talkin'."



**Boffo:** "How can you forget those mornings, those afternoons, those nights?" Note in script: "He is miserable."



**Mary Muck** ("rejects Boffo, then she gets up calmly and smooths her dress"): "Well, that's show business!"

**JERRY LEWIS' MOVIE** continued

## Lewis & company specialize in killing off old movie plots



**Lewis and the Curtises help themselves.** Club members have Thursday business meetings; President Lewis wields gavel, Secretary Leigh takes minutes.



**They massacre song *I Love Chrysanthemums*, written for movie.** Tommy Farrell (center) plays Smiley, who, when shot, "lies dead on the floor, smiling."

CONTINUED

## RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE • NEURALGIA NEURITIS

# FAST

The way  
thousands of  
physicians and  
dentists  
recommend



Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

### SOURCES OF LOOK'S PICTURES

2, 3 — (2, 14) Bloom-Monk-meyer; (8) C. P. Cushing; (10) Luoma-Monkmeyer; (11) Remy-F. Lewis; (13) Herbert-F. Lewis; (16) Monkmeyer. 17—U. S. Army. 18—Jim Hansen. 21—Bob Sandberg. 22-26 — Department of Defense. 28-31—Sovfoto. 35—Phil Harrington. 36 — INP. 42-45—Michael Vaccaro. 49—(1) Maurice Terrell; (2) Elsa Armitage. 50 — (1, 3, 5, 6) Doug Jones; (2) Elsa Armitage; (4, 7) Maurice Terrell. 51—Doug Jones. 52—(1) Maurice Terrell; (2-5) Doug Jones. 53—Doug Jones. 54—(1-3, 5, 6) Maurice Terrell; (4, 7) Doug Jones. 55—(1) Doug Jones; (2) Maurice Terrell. 62—Earl Theisen. 64, 65—(3, 5) Fred Fehl. 67—(1, 3) Fred Fehl. 69-71 — Jim Hansen. 72, 73—Maurice Terrell. 74-76—Michael Vaccaro. 78-83—Maurice Terrell. 84—Michael Vaccaro. 86 — top, Arthur Rothstein; bottom, Michael Vaccaro. 87—Arthur Rothstein.

## CORRECTION

The bar chart in the Lucky Strike advertisement on page 16 of this magazine may be incorrect in some copies, due to an error in preparation of artwork. Reading from left to right, the black bars which represent competing brands of cigarettes should be labeled Brands "C," "D," "E" and "A" in that order. The makers of Lucky Strike believe that this chart, which depicts the relative quality of all five principal brands reliably and factually, is of extreme importance to every smoker and so they hasten to correct this minor inaccuracy.

## JERRY LEWIS' MOVIE continued



Jerry Lewis plays boss when his own boss, Hal B. Wallis, producer of Martin & Lewis films (latest: *Sailor Beware*), comes for visit.

## Jerry and his cast are at home on land or sea

Playing *The Frogmen* in pool: Curtis on Barrymore's shoulders vs. Martin & Lewis. Nearly every movie they see gives them ideas.



Three of  
a kind!  
salt & pepper  
are not enough..add  
**LEA & PERRINS**  
the Original **SAUCE**

To know how good, good food can be add Lea & Perrins. Just a little adds so much to the flavor of meats, fish, cheese dishes. No sauce like it! Always keep a bottle handy on your table . . and in the kitchen.

**FREE** Recipe Book with 196 easy ways to exciting flavor. Write Lea & Perrins, Inc., 241 West St., New York 13, Dept. K-1

### PHOTOCRIME SOLUTION (See page 72)

Inspector Hannibal Cobb spoke to Ray Mercy. While questioning the men, the Inspector kept feeling that there was something different about Mercy's manner of dress. Then when he thought back to the morning, he realized that Mercy had been wearing a four-in-hand tie (photo 1). Now, (photo 4) he was wearing a bow tie. Noting this, Cobb reasoned that Mercy was undoubtedly the man who had carried Esther Lilly's body to the beach. In so doing, Mercy got blood on his shirt and tie. Since he had no replacements of his own, he borrowed them from Scott, but was unable to find another four-in-hand.

When confronted, Mercy confessed that he had been having an affair with Esther. They quarreled and he shot her. Not having time to think, he carried the body to the beach to hide it. He serves a life sentence.



MORE THAN  
**Eleven  
Million**  
PIPESFUL  
**ENJOYED**  
IN LAST  
12 MONTHS

Also try RUM & MAPLE CIGARETTES—milder, different!



**BREATH-SIZE**

# NULLO JUNIOR

**Cleans your Breath  
anytime...anywhere!**

When you're out in the evening, or in the middle of a business day, you can't stop to gargle or brush your teeth no matter how self-conscious you are about your breath!

Then what *can* you do to clean your breath instantly? Just take a tiny pleasant-tasting Nullo Junior tablet. Chew it and swallow. That's all there is to it! Nullo Junior is not a candy... not a gum! No one will notice you take it!

But more important, no one will notice your breath no matter what you eat or drink. Nullo Junior is genuine Nullo, the original chlorophyll tablet, in new breath-size. Clinical tests in Midwestern Universities prove its immediate, lasting effectiveness. Carry Nullo Junior with you always to clean your breath anytime... anywhere!



**15 BREATH SIZE  
TABLETS 15¢**



**CLINICALLY TESTED, PROVED!  
NULLO REALLY WORKS!**



**FULL-STRENGTH**

# NULLO

**Goodbye Body Odors  
all day...all over!**

Now, take your deodorant like a vitamin and stay nice to be near all day... all over! Just take a Nullo tablet once or twice a day. Then no matter how stuffy the room, how overheated you get, what time of the month, you're as fresh as though you'd stepped right out of a shower—all day... all over!

Why take a chance on "one-spot" protection—the only protection other kinds of deodorants can give you! Take Nullo every day... like a vitamin... and say goodbye to body odors from head to toe all day... all over!

There never was anything like Nullo before. It's chlorophyll, nature's deodorant, and it's safe as a lettuce leaf. Nullo really works!

**TAKE NULLO LIKE A VITAMIN**

The DePree Company, Holland, Michigan  
Established 1906

Mfrs. of Nume Brand Vitamins and Wheatamin Vitamins



**15 FULL STRENGTH TABLETS**

**49¢**

Family Size (45 Tablets) \$1.25  
Economy Package (100 Tablets) \$2.49



© 1951

By PERKINS H. BAILEY  
LOOK Menswear Editor

don't be  
too  
SQUARED  
away

Clothes should be  
worn confidently, never  
self-consciously

Every tailor knows that a man who says, "Don't crease my sleeves and lapels, roll them," is a man who understands how to wear clothes. He knows that this chap won't wear his handkerchief protruding in paper-napkin points; that he'll shape his hat the way he likes it; that, dressing to suit himself, he'll look right to everyone: like the man at the left, with his tie a bit off center and with a soft wrinkle or two in his shirt front. That man has heptitude!

**REPORTER'S HUNCH PAYS OFF TWO WAYS** o.o.o

THAT'S BENNY THE HOPHEAD! WONDER WHAT'S UP? LICENSE 062-451!

MASQUERADING AS A "SKID ROW" CHARACTER TO GATHER FEATURE MATERIAL FOR HIS NEWSPAPER, BERT EVANS, FAMOUS REPORTER, WITNESSES A PECULIAR HAPPENING...

GEORGE BLYTH THE BANKER - I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR YEARS! WOW! WHAT A STORY!

YES, HEADQUARTERS SAYS THAT'S HIS LICENSE NUMBER

REVEALING HIS IDENTITY, BERT ACCOMPANIES THE NARCOTIC AGENTS ON THE TRAIL OF THE MISSING DOPE.

HEROIN! SORRY YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE A STATEMENT AT HEADQUARTERS

IN MY CAR! WHAT A MESS!

TELL THE BOSS I HAVE HER PICTURE - A BEAUT!

MY PAPER WANTS MISS BLYTH'S PICTURE. MAY I DROP IT OFF AND SEE YOU AT HEADQUARTERS?

OKAY, BUT HURRY, WE NEED YOUR STATEMENT TO CLEAR MISS BLYTH

GREAT WORK, NOW SHED THAT "SKID ROW" DISGUISE

YEAH, I SURE NEED A SHAVE

SAY, I GO FOR THIS BLADE OF YOURS! FOUR DAYS' STUBBLE GONE LIKE MAGIC!

THIN GILLETTES ARE ALWAYS KEEN AND EASY SHAVING

MAY I RETURN YOUR PICTURE TOMORROW, MISS BLYTH?

PLEASE, CAN'T YOU MAKE IT AROUND SIX AND DINE WITH US?

HE'S HANDSOME

MARC BURR

BECAUSE THEY GIVE QUICK, EASY SHAVES EVERY TIME, THIN GILLETTES ARE AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR LOW-PRICE BLADES. FAR KEENER THAN ORDINARY BLADES, THIN GILLETTES ARE MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR, PRECISELY... NEVER NICK OR SCRAPE, ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES IN THE HANDY 10-BLADE PACKAGE WITH USED-BLADE COMPARTMENT

THIN Gillette 10-BLADES 10-25¢ 4-10¢

TEN-BLADE PACKAGE HAS COMPARTMENT FOR USED BLADES

ONE HOUR LATER...

Invest in your  
country's future

**United States  
Savings Bonds**

**Wake Up  
To More Comfort**

Without Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may even get up nights or frequent passages.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

**CHILDREN LOVE — NEW LUDEN'S  
WILD CHERRY  
COUGH DROPS 5¢**



FLAVORED TO TASTE GOOD!  
MEDICATED TO DO GOOD!







**F**ROM baked beans in the drawing room to supper on a

tray in the library, there's freedom in America's new eat-

ing habits. Look calls this "eating without inhibitions"—the rules for what is served

and how it is served have gone by the boards. . . . **Eating has become mobile**

with meals on trays or individual tables, even on the floor in plain view of the tele-

vision screen. One fashionable live-aloner relies on a deep Chinese porcelain bowl

for solo meals; carries it with her, eats in the most comfortable chair in the living

room. . . . **The self-assured hostess** finds her own style in cooking, practices it to

perfection, takes pleasure in repeating her specialties. Result: Family

favorites bob up as party main dishes and become conversation-

makers because of personal seasoning or ideas in serving. . . .

**Hostesses (and hosts)** with the poise to serve foods of

great simplicity have found these have special party appeal:

an array of cheeses and crisp warm bread, crackers; thin-sliced roast

beef on hot toast; a huge bowl of French-fried potatoes served with cock-

tails; red caviar (domestic) and sour cream in a bowl for self-

helping. The one-dish meal of hearty soup or casserole

or stew, with a large bowl of salad, spells easy-to-serve assur-

ance for any hostess. **Such heptitude in food** uses one part imagination, one part

confidence . . . confidence nonchalantly to wheel a cart with a complete dinner into

the living room, to serve a basket of hot cinnamon

toast for Sunday supper—or to pass mints instead of

sugar with coffee to nibble between sips.



# Food

# without inhibitions



**Now the dining room**

**is wherever you set your plate**

**. . . even "kitchen" fare**

**makes a party today**





Do you want to pay for

## A Government Honeymoon at Niagara Falls?

You may be taxed for the cost of the most expensive honeymoon Niagara Falls has ever seen. The federal government's wooing of America's electric light and power threatens to reach a climax at the famous Falls.

Here's how. . . . A giant new hydroelectric power plant is going to be built on the Niagara River. And a critical point in the drive toward a government power monopoly is being argued over who will build it — the federal government or a group of 5 electric companies. (There is also a proposal to have the State of New York build the plant and sell the power.)

These electric light and power companies are ready with the plans and the money — and the lines to take the power where it will be needed — under normal public regulation.

But the job is held up — for there are people who want the federal government to take over electricity — as well as medicine and other businesses and services. They say the federal government should build the plant — even if it takes more time, and costs the U. S. public many millions in unnecessary taxes. Here's how the choice shapes up . . .

### If electric companies build the plant

- The companies and their investors will pay for it.
- Power produced will be shared by all, with rates regulated by state utility commissions.
- It will pay about \$23 million a year in local, state and federal taxes.
- Defense plants and others will begin to get the power in about 3 years.

### If the federal government builds the plant

- You will pay for it in taxes — over \$350,000,000.
- Specially favored groups will have first call on all power. Rates *won't* be regulated.
- Little, if any, taxes will be paid to local, state or federal governments from the sale of power.
- Government estimators say it will take them at least 5 years.

NOTE: In no case would the scenic beauty of the Falls be affected. Nor has this project any connection with the controversial St. Lawrence Seaway.

**Who do you think should build this new plant?** Talk it over with your friends and neighbors. The decision ought to be made by the American people. . . . The government plan is a long step toward socialized electricity — because only power production is involved — with no other purposes, such as flood control, to complicate the issue. That's why these facts are brought to you by America's *business-managed*, tax-paying Electric Light and Power Companies.\*

\*Names on request from this magazine

"MEET CORLISS ARCHER"—CBS (Radio)—Sundays, 9 P.M., Eastern Time.  
Look for "The Electric Theatre" on Television

# "... higher income taxes will destroy a large segment of our free society"

By SENATOR WALTER F. GEORGE  
WASHINGTON

I believe that we have reached the safe limit of our taxable capacity and that higher income taxes will destroy a large segment of our free society, impair our productive strength, and add to inflationary pressures. These are serious statements. I do not make them lightly.

The ability of this nation, or any nation, to raise taxes cannot be measured with mathematical precision, but that there is a point at which the burden of taxation can become a fatal deterrent to economic activity and therefore defeat the very objectives of a balanced budget is beyond dispute. The determination of this point is the heart of today's tax problem, and because within the four corners of our tax structure will be found the blue print of the economic and social future of our country, it is imperative that every citizen be aware of certain fundamental facts.

## Three Increases Since Korea

Since Korea the Congress has increased taxes three times. Never before has so much additional revenue been raised in so short a time. Never before, including the period of World War II, has the direct individual income tax burden been so high on some of our people and the indirect taxes so high on all of our people. As a result of the approximately \$15,500,000,000 in new taxes imposed within the last year and a half, close to one-third of all the financial reward received by our people for the work they do and for the productive use of the property they own now goes for paying federal, state, and local taxes. This is the highest tax burden in our history, and it is considerably higher than economists believe can be carried by a private enterprise economy. Due, however, to the present accelerated rate of government spending I believe we can safely shoulder this load for a brief period but that any appreciably higher burden would result in extreme interference to our economy and grave injustice to the people. When the defense program levels off, taxes should however be reduced, and the Congress so provided in the Revenue Act of 1951 which became law last October.

Our main source of revenue is the individual income tax. The accompanying table pictures better than words the way in which the burden of this tax has steadily increased. The real impact of this increased tax burden should be measured in the light of the substantial rise in the costs-of-living which has taken place in our country.

Hope of reward is the driving force of free men of every class. Take it away and you destroy the incentive and ambi-

tion to produce—the very life blood of our economic strength and the source of our economic power. For individuals in the high income brackets this hope of reward is all but gone, and during the past 20 years the rates on individual taxpayers in the middle brackets have also increased far beyond what anyone ever anticipated when the Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution was adopted in 1913. If, for example, the Congress should now confiscate all taxable income over \$100,000 by imposing a 100 per cent tax on income over that amount, the additional revenue would be only about \$34 million—or just enough at the current rate of federal spending to operate the government for 4 hours.

Confiscating all taxable income over \$26,000 would yield only an additional \$640 million—or just enough to run the government for 3 days.

Confiscating all taxable income over \$10,000 would yield only an additional \$3 billion—or just enough to run the government for 16 days.

Confiscating all taxable income over \$8,000 would yield only an additional \$4.2 billion—or just enough to run the government for 22 days.

Our middle class is the group in the structure of our nation which is seldom, if ever, represented by spokesmen before committees of the Congress or by lobbyists. They provide the country with our professional men and women, with the proprietors of our small businesses, with the managers and salesmen for our industrial and commercial enterprises as well as a large segment of our local, state, and federal officials. They constitute the very backbone of the country and from their savings must come the private investment capital essential for jobs and production.

## SENATOR GEORGE



Walter F. George, chairman of the Finance Committee, is one of the Senate's outstanding authorities on taxation. A Georgia Democrat, he was elected to the Senate in 1922 and has served continuously since then.

Great Britain is a tragic example of what can happen if the welfare of the middle class citizen is ignored in a scramble for taxes to support swollen government. The experience of that country shows that the wage earner is the real victim of confiscatory tax rates. Since Korea the lowest tax rate in our own country has already jumped from 16.6 per cent to 22.2 per cent and it must be recognized that if any substantial increase in individual income taxes is made, the bulk of this increase will come from the lower taxable brackets. It is this group, however, which has suffered most from inflation and on whom the increased excise taxes fall most heavily.

The second largest source of our revenue comes from corporations. A year and a half ago the top tax rate on our corporate productive enterprises was 38 per cent. Today the regular corporate rate is 52 per cent—12 percentage points higher than during World War II. Also as the result of the defense excess profits tax some dollars earned by corporations are taxed at a rate of 82 per cent. The effect of the increased corporate taxes has been to increase within a year and a half the average federal tax on corporations from 37 cents on the dollar

to 58 cents on the dollar. We now have the highest corporate tax rates in the world. In Brazil the top corporate rate is only 15 per cent; in Australia, 30 per cent; and in France, 34 per cent. Canada's top corporate tax rate is 45.6 per cent on that part of the income in excess of \$10,000. The first \$10,000 is taxed at a rate of only 10 per cent while our starting corporate rate is 30 per cent. England levies a 50 per cent rate on corporate profits for which the shareholder gets a partial credit. Stockholders in our corporate productive enterprises receive no credit for the taxes paid by corporations and dividend income is therefore taxed twice.

## Expansion Cannot Be Avoided

Higher corporate taxes would, under normal conditions, result in reduced expenditures for new plants and equipment. Today, however, our industrial expansion program must be carried out in order to produce the equipment needed for the defense program. A further increase in corporate taxes may not leave sufficient funds available to corporations and they may well have to sell their holdings in government securities or borrow from the banks. Both methods are highly inflationary.

After taxes reach a certain point, further increases will not prevent inflation but will actually stimulate it. According to a study by Colin Clark, a well known economist, inflation is bound to result when taxes exceed 25 per cent of the national income. Our present federal tax system alone is estimated to yield approximately \$66 billion, and our national income is now running at an estimated annual rate of \$280 billion. Thus, the federal government alone is taking in taxes about 24 per cent of the national income. When the estimated total state and local taxes of \$18 billion is added to the federal tax take, our present total federal, state and local tax bill absorbs 30 per cent of our national income. We are, therefore, at the danger point.

Excessive taxation is not the answer to inflation. The cure lies rather in the adoption of an expenditure program tailored to fit the ability of the people to pay. There is a limit to this ability and unless we are prepared to permanently surrender our free economy and our free society for a regimented economy and a socialized society, this safe limit has in my judgment now been reached. The nation's greatness may be traced primarily to one fact: We have given to human incentive its finest chance to advance individual liberty and the general welfare. Despite errors we have somehow protected the incentive of the individual to do his dead level best.

## The Big Bite Married Couple, 2 Dependents

| Taxable Income<br>Before Exemptions | 1940   | Taxes Paid<br>Pre-Korea | 1952   |
|-------------------------------------|--------|-------------------------|--------|
| \$ 3,000                            | —      | \$ 100                  | \$ 133 |
| 5,000                               | \$ 75  | 432                     | 577    |
| 8,000                               | 246    | 974                     | 1,282  |
| 10,000                              | 440    | 1,361                   | 1,774  |
| 15,000                              | 1,118  | 2,512                   | 3,236  |
| 20,000                              | 2,143  | 3,888                   | 5,000  |
| 25,000                              | 3,571  | 5,476                   | 7,004  |
| 50,000                              | 13,741 | 16,578                  | 21,088 |

# RUSSIA IS OUTPRODUCING

Seeking to learn whether Communist success against our planes in Korea indicates that our air supremacy is in serious danger, Richard Wilson, chief of Look's Washington Bureau, went to Thomas K. Finletter, Secretary of the Air Force. Mr. Wilson's vital questions, together with the Secretary's recorded answers, follow.

**MR. WILSON:** Our experience in Korea seems to have given the impression that the United States is being out-produced by Russia in jet fighter planes. Is that the case?

**SECRETARY FINLETTER:** No, I don't think it is. The large number of MIG-15's that have appeared in Korea indicates a production of that particular type of plane—an interceptor plane—which is higher than our production of the exactly corresponding airplane. We are, however, producing other kinds of jet planes in the United States. We are producing jet fighter-bombers, jet reconnaissance planes, jet light bombers in the tactical field. And in addition we are producing medium bombers and heavy bombers of the jet type.

**MR. WILSON:** But is it a fact that they are outproducing us in jet fighters alone?

**SECRETARY FINLETTER:** In jet interceptors alone, yes. I think it is fair to estimate that they are producing more of the MIG-15 interceptor type than we are of the F-86 interceptor type.

**MR. WILSON:** By how many times?

**SECRETARY FINLETTER:** It is not easy to answer that question by a figure without being misleading, because you have got to talk about *when* as well as *how* many. It must be remembered that our production has not yet gotten underway. By production I mean planes rolling out the factory doors—completed planes.

Our present build-up really started only about a year ago, roughly in December 1950. Korea happened in June 1950 and there were four supplemental appropriations to the Federal military budget during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1951. Taking the average date of these four supplementals as December 1950 means that orders for our new planes were only placed about a year ago, on the average.

It takes a long time to build an airplane. This time is called lead time. The lead time varies with each type of plane. It would be conservative to use a figure of about two years from the date an order is placed until the plane rolls out the factory door.

That means that new production which we started after Korea will not get rolling until two years from December 1950, around December 1952.

**MR. WILSON:** It will not be until then that we will exceed Russian fighter-interceptor production?

**SECRETARY FINLETTER:** I do not want to answer that question plane by plane. I would rather discuss over-all production, or over-all jet production, if you wish.

As I said a moment ago, our full production will

not get going for about a year. At that time if we take airframe weight (and airframe weight is the only sensible measure of production) of all the jet planes we are producing of all types—interceptors, fighter-bombers, reconnaissance, light bombers, medium bombers, heavy bombers and the like—and if we compare that U. S. production with our estimate of Russian production, I think our production will be satisfactory. I am not going to be more specific than that because I do not wish to reveal exact production figures of the United States. But I repeat that our production will be what is necessary for our purposes.

**MR. WILSON:** Have the Russians gotten so strong in jets and in radar interception that our long-range bombers could not operate against Russian targets?

**SECRETARY FINLETTER:** There is no doubt about it that the Russians have concentrated on their air defense. The performance of the MIG and the numbers of the MIG have proven that. But make no mistake about it, if ever we have to defend ourselves by making a counterattack with the Strategic Air Command on any aggressor, the Strategic Air Command is going to get through. It is going to carry out its mission and deliver the bombs assigned to it.

**MR. WILSON:** That applies to the present as well as the future?

**SECRETARY FINLETTER:** That applies to the present as well as the future.

**MR. WILSON:** In the near future, will we have any bombers substantially less vulnerable to the MIG?

**SECRETARY FINLETTER:** Yes. The B-47, the Boeing Company's swept-back wing medium bomber presently powered by six jet engines, is a very much faster and less vulnerable plane than the B-29 and the B-50, the piston-engine medium bombers which now form the backbone of the medium-bomber fleet. The B-47 is into production and shortly will go into the units of the Air Force's medium-bomber fleet.

**MR. WILSON:** Has the MIG as an interceptor changed the concept of strategic air attack which existed prior to the time you knew the MIG was such an effective plane?

**SECRETARY FINLETTER:** No. It has, however, done one very helpful thing. It has shaken us out of the sense of complacency that so many people in this country have had about Russian engineering capacity. The MIG engine is a first-class engine.

**MR. WILSON:** Is it a British engine, or copied from a British engine?

**SECRETARY FINLETTER:** It is a blow-up derived from an improvement on the British Nene engine. The MIG engine is a first-class engineering performance and should once and for all do away with any hopes, or, rather, illusions, that the en-

gineers of Russia are not capable of developing fine articles of war.

**MR. WILSON:** That brings us to the question of our losses against the Chinese air force over Korea. What has been the true picture of our losses in the air in the Korean war?

**SECRETARY FINLETTER:** Through December 18, 1951, the United Nations air force lost 384 aircraft to enemy air and ground fire.

Communist combat air losses during the same period totaled 320.

Thus we lost 64 more planes than the Communists. Incidentally, when speaking of United Nations air, I am including the United States Air Force, the land-based Marine Air Force, and other United Nations air force—but not the United States Navy, which is carrier-based.

We have lost a few more aircraft than the Communists, principally because we have been doing more fighting than the Communists. Our aircraft have been engaged in close support and interdiction operations where they have been subjected to ground fire. In fact, most of our losses have been from ground fire; 87 per cent of the United Nations planes lost in combat were the result of ground fire.

When it comes to air-to-air combat, our planes are way ahead. For example, through December 18, Air Force F-86's destroyed 129 MIG-15's while only 14 F-86's were destroyed by the enemy.

You may see higher figures for United Nations air losses. The reason for these higher figures is that I have given only combat losses. There are additional ordinary operational losses that go on in peacetime. These figures must be added both for the United Nations and for the Communists if you want to get the complete figure.

**MR. WILSON:** Have the Communists developed either a night fighter or new night fighting techniques?

**SECRETARY FINLETTER:** Not so far as we know. The MIG-15 is what we call a day interceptor. We have seen no planes with all-weather characteristics.

**MR. WILSON:** But is it not true that they have succeeded in intercepting some of our bombing missions at night?

**SECRETARY FINLETTER:** Yes, that is correct. But we made available to foreign countries World War II radar, which was designed to make such night intercepts possible. There is no reason to assume that this equipment is not available to the Communists in Korea.

Moreover, the interception job in Korea is relatively simple. The targets which our bombers go after are in a very small area and the job of interception is relatively easy. Interception becomes a really difficult enterprise when you have a wide area to cover.

**MR. WILSON:** Were all or almost all of our Sabre jets assigned to Korea?

# THE U. S. IN JET FIGHTERS

SECRETARY FINLETTER: I cannot get into the disposition of our forces. I will say, however, that we have just sent one additional wing—about 75 planes—of F-86's to Korea to replace one wing of slower F-80's, the Lockheed Shooting Stars, which have been bearing a good deal of the brunt of the Korean battle.

**MR. WILSON: Is our relative weakness in interceptors in Korea attributable to a failure of our technology, our industry, the Administration, Congress, or what?**

SECRETARY FINLETTER: First, I have to deny that there is a relative weakness in our air in Korea. It is true that we have concentrated more on fighter-bombers and medium bombers than on interceptors. The Communists, on the other hand, have concentrated very heavily on interceptors. The reason is that we were trying to do something different than the Communists were trying to do.

The Communists have been constantly producing aircraft designed to meet their greatest direct threat—our strategic bombers. Meanwhile, we have been building a force to meet any direct air threats to this nation's security and to the NATO area, plus a force designed to destroy the indirect or potential threats to security—our strategic force.

As I mentioned a moment ago, the main job that air power has done in Korea has been to provide close support for the infantry and to provide a campaign of interdiction, or "Operation Strangle."

Let me say a word about these two. Close support is just what it says it is. The United Nations infantry have been heavily pressed from the very beginning and we have had to make up in close air support what we have lacked in numbers on the ground. The United Nations have held the enemy on the ground because they had increased firepower of which air has delivered a considerable proportion.

The second job that air has done is "Operation Strangle," interference with the movement of men and materials from the front line to the fighting enemy in the front lines. Without this job we never could have held at all in Korea. You can't interdict supplies entirely, but you can harass and delay the

bringing up of supplies so that it becomes, as it has become in Korea, a factor of the very highest significance in holding the enemy.

To do these interdiction and close support jobs, we have used fighter-bombers and medium bombers because those are the types of planes that can do that job. We used interceptors only to accompany the bombers when they advanced far into northwestern Korea, and then only during recent months.

The Communists, on the other hand, have concentrated on interceptors because that is what they had and because their job is essentially defensive. They did none of this close support and interdiction. Therefore they didn't need the planes for it.

**MR. WILSON: And we found ourselves in somewhat the same position as when we met the Zero in World War II?**

SECRETARY FINLETTER: There is some analogy with the Zero. The Zero was a light plane, very maneuverable, and we had considerable trouble with the Zero in the early days of the Japanese war. However, I am glad to complete the analogy, because the Zero was knocked out of the skies by our F-38's, F-51's and other planes.

**MR. WILSON: It is frequently reported that our jet fighters have been outgunned by the MIG. What about that?**

SECRETARY FINLETTER: That is definitely not true. I think the results are probably the best answer on that. I gave the figures a moment ago showing that we have knocked down nine MIG's for every F-86 that is knocked down. Indeed, just the contrary is true. As I see it, there are three reasons why we have had this nine-to-one victory:

First, our pilots are better.

Second, the F-86 is a better gun platform than the MIG-15.

Third, our gunsight is better.

**MR. WILSON: Have the Chinese increased their concentrations of jet aircraft across the Yalu on a steady basis?**

SECRETARY FINLETTER: Yes. When I came

back from Korea last June I made a statement that there were more than a thousand planes in the Communist air force, of which about 40 per cent were MIG-15's and about 20 per cent were other forms of jet planes. The latest figures are that there are more than 1,400 planes in the Chinese air force of which about 700 are MIG-15's. The time between these two quotations is six months. This shows a steady and orderly build-up of the Chinese air force in six months.

**MR. WILSON: Summing it up, Mr. Finletter, would it be fair to say that at this moment Russia leads the world in production of jet fighter planes and that it will take us some years to catch up?**

SECRETARY FINLETTER: No. I can't agree with that statement. The Russians, at the moment, may lead in the production of one type of jet fighter plane—the jet day interceptor type. However, we are producing F-84's, a fighter-bomber; the F-94, an all-weather interceptor; the F-89, also an all-weather interceptor—all these in addition to the F-86's, the one type comparable to the MIG-15.

As I said earlier, the full impact of our re-armament program will not be felt until well into 1952, and I think at that time we will be producing the number and kinds of planes that we need to create the kind of Air Force that we should have within the time we should get it. That seems to me to be satisfactory. I don't think you can talk about these things in numbers. I think the question is whether or not we have placed the orders in our aircraft industry to get the number and kinds of planes when we want them, and that we are doing.

**MR. WILSON: What are the principal lessons you have learned from the air war in Korea?**

SECRETARY FINLETTER: We have learned again what we knew already, namely that the interdiction operation, the stopping of supplies, is an extremely difficult one by itself. It has got to be supplemented by deep-in air attacks on the enemy's sources of supply if it is to be truly effective.

Now, to have no misunderstanding about this, let me state that I approve heartily of the policy which has restricted the Air Force from attacking the bases over the Yalu River. I say this because we had a limited purpose in going into Korea—to suppress the invasion of South Korea and thereby to uphold the authority and prestige of the United Nations. To have deliberately spread the war beyond Korea would have been to lose sight of what we went into Korea to do. We wanted to achieve the purpose of suppressing this local aggression without a total military effort on our part.

And in any event, an attack on the over-Yalu bases would not have solved the military problem. For when I say "deep-in air attacks" I mean really deep-in, not part way deep-in. And, as I have said, I have been and am opposed to deliberately spreading the scope of the war and the extent of the sacrifices which such an extension of the war probably would have forced upon the American people.



Lock's Richard Wilson interviews Air Force Secretary Finletter

JANUARY 29, 1952

# Jack Wilson's WASHINGTON

## IF YOU CAN SAY 'PSST!' IN SWAHILI, THE AFSA NEEDS YOU

There are not as many Americans who can talk fluent Swahili as you may have been led to believe.

After the teachers were recruited there was the problem of getting students into the classrooms. Plenty of prospective spies signed up but before they could start work they had to be investigated. The investigation was good and thorough and

### WASHINGTON

Some sections of the defense job are not getting along as well as you might expect, but before you start yelping to your congressman you should know more about the problems involved. Take the case of the Armed Forces Security Agency, the Defense Department's super secret super spy factory.

AFSA is hushier than the Central Intelligence Agency, which is supposed to be the head office in the Federal eye line. CIA at least is listed in the telephone book and once in a while you can find an unwary bureaucrat who will admit he has heard of it. AFSA doesn't show anywhere. When the AFSA masterminds go up to Congress to ask for more money they shut the transoms and talk in whispers, and how much they get is their own secret. One of their own secrets.

### Complete with Mint Bed

The Agency has been running for about four years in a swell old Southern mansion, complete with slave quarters and mint bed, over across the Potomac in Arlington, Va. The place used to be a school where little girls from the honeychile areas learned to honor Mr. Lee and say you-all to their elders. Then a greater need arose and the old house was turned into the headquarters for goodness knows what in the line of espionage and how to give a jaunty flip to a black cloak.

### Babel-on-the-Potomac

One of the AFSA's duties is teaching student spies some back-country languages that don't figure very largely in ordinary college courses. The languages make up a fairly long list, from Afghan, or Pushti, to Zulu. There has been some trouble about getting teachers, because the rule is that the teacher has to speak the language like a native, but he must be American born.



took six months or longer. While it was going on, the embryo operative had to show up at AFSA every day and try to amuse himself. He couldn't start studying his Chinese or Baluchi or whatever because nobody would tell him what he was going to study until he had been cleared by the investigators.

### Got Fat, Too

The prospects did preparatory work by sitting in the AFSA cafeteria reading detective stories or matching pennies or eating, and some of them quit after a few months because, although the pay was good, the boredom was appalling.

AFSA was doing the best it could under these loads until a few weeks ago. Then the order came down from on high to move out of the fine old Southern mansion and set up shop in Fort Knox, Ky. Nobody said why.

### They Went Job Hunting

The next thing AFSA knew, somewhere around half of its civilian experts quit. They pulled out and went looking for jobs in the other intelligence agencies, of which there are approximately six to the acre here, all eager for talent. They said nobody in his right mind would want to live in Fort Knox if he could get a good job in Washington. They said they certainly wouldn't want the idea to get around that they were not in their right minds. AFSA now is looking for good, reliable native-born Americans who can speak Afghan, or Pushti, like an Afghan.

### Don't Look for Any More Yacht Bargains

There is bad news from the Office of Price Stabilization. No price ceilings on sea-going yachts, ocean liners or shrimp boats until after Feb. 13, at least.

Mike DiSalle's minions at OPS took steamboats out from under price control last October but, of course, nobody imagined that the dismal situation would last longer than a little while. Just lately, though, the order was extended for another several weeks, because there was some trouble going on about how to fix fair prices for such articles.

### He Writes Price Tag

This leaves you at the mercy of your steamship dealer. Until OPS gets around to acting, sometime after Feb. 13, he can write the price tag to suit himself. It is not going to do you any good to wait until after Feb. 13 to buy your yacht, either, because there does not seem to be much chance that OPS will roll back the prices much.

One thing Mr. DiSalle's boys have done, they have fixed it so the scrap rubber peddlers in Los Angeles don't have to sell their stuff for 0 cents per pound and pay freight on it. It was a struggle, but they have got it licked now.

### Profit's Back in Rubber

The OPS put out an order a while back that low-grade scrap rubber in L.A. couldn't sell for more than 1 cent a pound. The order went on to say that if the old inner tubes had valve stems in them or black

After a while, some of the scrap men discovered that they were not making much money on low-grade scrap rubber. They got to figuring in a mathematical way and it turned out that  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent plus  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent made one cent and that if you took



one cent away from one cent there was not much profit margin left. Especially when the scrap man had to pay the freight when he shipped the rubber to his customers.

Now OPS has come through, and mighty handsomely, too, with a new order that says nobody in Los Angeles has to sell scrap rubber for less than half a cent a pound. The wheels of trade are spinning again.

### Two Mink Coats in Every Home Freezer

The Democrats are getting ready to make their big election year pitch on the line that you never had it so good. They are not going into the act about the Hoover depression, not because they don't blame Mr. Hoover for the depression but because Frank McKinney, the Democratic national chairman, thinks people would just as soon forget about it.

### Here's the New Line

The new line is that you're better off now, under the Democrats, than you were even in 1928 and 1929 when the Republicans were bulling the market for two-car garages. There are plenty of figures about purchasing power and home ownership and productivity to back up the argument, the way the Democrats look at it.

Just for instance, they say, look at all the people who have mink coats now. And television sets. You never dreamed, back in 1929 that you'd have a television set today, did you?



rubber cots (whatever the gracious sake a black rubber cot is) the dealer had to slice half a cent a pound off the price. It also said that if the scrap was put up in mixed bales the price had to go down another half cent.

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